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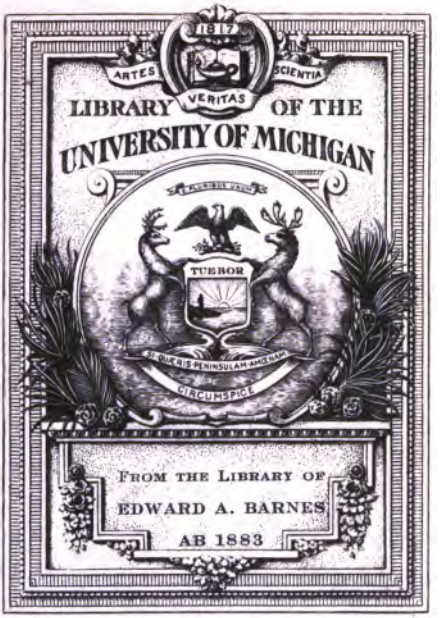

THE GIFT OF

MRS. BARNARD PIERCE
MRS. CARL HAESSLER
MRS. HOWARD LUCE
MISS MARGARET KNIGHT

828
B9743c

Camões, Luiz de
[Works. V. 2]

OS LUSIADAS

(THE LUSIADS):

ENGLISHED

BY

RICHARD FRANCIS BURTON:

(EDITED BY HIS WIFE,

ISABEL BURTON).

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. II.

LONDON:

BERNARD QUARITCH,

15 PICCADILLY, W.

1880.

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WYMAN AND SONS, PRINTERS,
GREAT QUEEN-STREET, LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS,
LONDON, W.C.

Os Lusiadas
(The Lusiads).

CANTO VII.

Library of E. A. Barnes
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ARGUMENT

OF THE SEVENTH CANTO.

ON the occasion of the famous Discovery of India, a notable and poetic Exhortation is addrest to the Princes of Christendom, arousing them to like Enterprizes: Description of the Reign of Malabar wherein lieth the Empire of Calecut, at whose Port the Armada anchoreth: Appeareth the Moor Monsaydé who giveth information to the Gama and eke instructeth him concerning the natives of the land: The Catual, or Governor of Calecut, fareth to see the Fleet.

11-18-40 MEA

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Dá fundo a frota a Calecut chegada;
Manda-se mensageiro ao Rei potente;
Chegá Monçaide a ver a Lusa armada,
E da Provincia informa largamente:
Faz Gama ao Samori sua embaixada;
He recebido bem da Indica gente:
Có'o Regedor o Mouro ao mar se torna,
Que de toldos e flammulas se adorna.

Anchors, to Calecut safe come, the Fleet;	(1—22)
Sent to its puissant King an Envoy goes;	(23—27)
Monsaydé comes the Lusian ships to greet, And of the Province telleth all he knows:	(28—41)
The Gama fares the Samori to meet;	(42—65
Grace to the stranger th' Indic people shows:	(66—72)
Then joint the Regent and the Moorman hie Aboard, where many a flag and awning fly.	(73—end

CANTO VII.

AND now th' Armada near'd the Morning-land, 1
many so much desirèd to have seen,
Reigns by those Indic currents moated, and
by Gange who dwelleth in the sky terrene.
Up Braves! and at them, an your valiant hand,
to snatch victorious Palms determined bene
Here ends your warfare; here before you lies
the realm of riches and your rightful prize.

To you, O race from Lusus sprung! I say, 2
to whom such puny part of Earth is dole'd
nay, what say I of Earth, but of His sway
who ruleth all the rounded skies enfold?
You, whom ne dangers dure ne dire dismay
from conqu'ering brutal Heathenesse withhold,
but eke no greed of gain may wean from love
of Mother-essence[1] throned the Heavens above.

[1] The Church.

Ye, Portingalls ! as forceful as ye're few, 3
who e'er disdain to weigh your weakly weight ;
ye, who at cost of various deaths be true
the Laws of Life Eternal to dilate :
Cast by the heav'enly lots your lot ye drew,
however poor or mean your mundane state,
great deeds for Holy Christendom to show :
So high, O CHRIST ! exaltest Thou the low.!

See them, those Germans, stiff-neckt, herd-like horde 4
who browse the pastures of such wide extent,
to him rebellious who hath Peter's ward,
choose a new Shepherd, a new Sect invent :
See them absorbed in ugly wars abhor'd
(nor yet with blinded errant ways content !)
fight, not the haught tyrannick Othoman,
but th' apostolick yoke they fain unspan.

See the hard Englander[1] proclaim his right 5
of that old Sacred City King to be,
where reigns and rules the base-born Ishmaelite
(Honour of Truth so nude who e'er did see !) ;
'mid Boreal snows he taketh sad delight
to mould new mode of old Christianity :
For those of CHRIST he bares the ready brand,
not to rethrone Lord CHRIST in Holy Land.

[1] Henry VIII.

Holds for himself meanwhile a faithless Roy,[1] 6
Jerus'alem City, the terrestrial;
who holds not holy law, but dares defy
Jerus'alem City, the celestial.
Then what of thee, vile Gaul![2] what need say I?
who wouldst thy vaunting self "Most Christian" call,
not that such title wouldest ward and guard,
but that the name thro' thee be smircht and mar'd!

Thy claim to conquer Christian lands beseems 7
one who so much and such fair land doth claim?
why seek not Cinyps[3] and the Nilus, streams
which ever hate that ántique Holy Name?
There should they feel of steel the hard extremes,
who would the Church's truthful song defame:
Of Charles, of Louis,[4] name thou didst inherit
and lands;—why not of justest wars the merit?

What shall I say of those who 'mid delights, 8
which vilest Idlesse bare for manhood's bane,
spend life and love to waste the gold that blights,
and clean forget their antient valiant strain?
Tyrannick hest to hostile act incites,
which virile races view as foulest stain:
To thee I speak, O It'aly! sunk by curse
of thousand sins, who dost thyself adverse.

[1] Saladin.
[2] François I.
[3] River of Tripoli.
[4] Carolus Magnus and St. Louis.

Ah, wretched Christians, who such cross incur, 9
be you perchance the teeth by Cadmus sown,
that waste of brother-blood ye thus prefer
when all by self-same mother-womb are grown?
How durst you see yon Holy Sepulture
owned by the bandogs who such feuds disown,
who come to hold and have your antient ground,
their warlike prowess making them renown'd?

Ye know 'tis now their usance and decree, 10
whereof they are observantists entire,
to levy restless hosts of Heathenry,
and harm the hearts that dear CHRIST's love desire:
While fierce Alecto 'mid your chivalry
for ever soweth tares of wrath and ire:
Look! an your eyes to risks like these ye close,
how they and you to you be deadliest foes.

If lust of lucre and of lordship led 11
your course to conquer far and foreign lands,
see you not Hermus and Pactólus shed
adown their fertile valleys aureate sands?
Assyria, Lydia, spin the golden thread,
lurk veins of sheeny ore in Africk strand:
Let these rich treasures sluggish sprites arouse
since rouse you not the rights of Holy House.

Those fierce projectiles, of our days the work, 12
murtherous engines, dire artilleries,
against Byzantine walls, where dwells the Turk,
should long before have belcht their batteries.
Oh, hurl it back in forest-caves to lurk
where Caspian crests and steppes of Scythia freeze,
that Turkish ogre-prog'eny multiplied
by op'ulent Europe's policy and pride.[1]

Georgians, Armenians, Grecians, hapless Thrace 13
cry on your name to quell th' unspeakable horde
that dooms parforce their darlings to embrace
Alcoran's precepts (tax of blood abhor'd !) :
Prove, when you punish yon inhuman race,
the Sage's spirit and the Soldier's sword ;
nor covet arr'ogant praise and vainest boast
of vaunting valour o'er a brother-host.

But while ye blindly thirst to drink the blood 14
of your own veins, Oh hapless Race insane !
never hath failèd Christian hardihood
in this our little household Lusitane :
Her seats are set by Africk's salty flood ;
she holds in Asian realms the largest Reign ;
She sows and ears o'er all the Fourth new-found ;
and there would hasten had but Earth more ground.

[1] Poetic prophecy of the coming kingdom, Byzantium.

Meanwhile behold we what new chance befel 15
the seld-seen Voyagers who Fame would earn,
Since gentle Venus deigned the gale to quell,
and futile furies of fierce winds to spurn;
when they the large-spread Land's appearance hail,
of stubborn obst'inate toil the bound and bourne,
and where the Saviour's seed they wend to sow,
enthrone new lords, new lights, new laws bestow.

Soon as along the stranger-shores they lay, 16
a fragile fleet that fishing people bare
they found, and by such guidance learnt the way
to Calecut, whose denizens they were:
Thither inclined the Prores without delay;
for 'twas the City fairest 'mid the fair
in land of Malabar and where abode
the King, whose orders all that Region owe'd.

Outside of Indus, inside Ganges, lies 17
a wide-spread country famed enough of yore;
northward the peaks of caved Emódus[1] rise,
and southward Ocean doth confine the shore:
She bears the yoke of various sovranties
and various eke her creeds: While these adore
vicious Mafóma, those to stock and stone
bow down, and eke to brutes among them grown.

[1] Imaus = Híma-álaya = Snow-house.

There, deep i' the mighty Range, that doth divide 18
the land, and cutteth Asian continent,
whose crests are known by names diversified,
of ev'ry country where its trend is bent;
outburst the fountains, which commingling glide
in pow'erful streams, that die when travel-spent
in Indic Ocean, and the arms of these
convert the country to a Chersonèse:

Twixt either river from this breadth of base 19
puts forth the spacious land a long thin horn,
quasi-pyramidal, which in th' embrace
of Ocean lies with Isle Ceylón toforn:
And, near the source that shows the natal place
of Gange, if olden Fame of Truth be born,
the happy Peoples of th' adjacent bowers,
feed on the fragrance of the finest flowers;

But now of many usance, mode and name 20
are all the tribes who have and hold the ground;
Pathans and Delhis urge the proudest claim
to land and numbers, for they most abound:
Deccanis, Oriás, who both misclaim
salvation in the sounding flood is found
by Ganges rolled; and here the land Bengal
is rich in sort her wealth exceedeth all.

The sovranty of bellicose Cambay, 21
(men say 'twas puissant Porus' olden reign);
Narsinga's Kingdom, with her rich display
of gold and gems but poor in martial vein:
Here seen yonside where wavy waters play
a range of mountains skirts the murmuring Main,
serving the Malabar for mighty mure,
who thus from him of Canará dwells secure.

The country-people call this range the Ghaut, 22
and from its foot-hills scanty breadth there be
whose seaward-sloping coast-plain long hath fought
'gainst Ocean's natural ferocity:
Here o'er her neighbour Cities, sans a doubt,
Calecut claimeth highest dignity,
crown of the kingdom fair and flourishing:
Here he entitled "Samorim"[1] is King.

Arrived the Squadron off that wealthy land, 23
she sent a Portingall to make report,
so mote the Géntoo monarch understand
who hath arrivèd in his distant port:
A stream the Herald struck which, leaving land
entereth Ocean; and his novel sort,
his hue, his strange attire, his stranger-ways
made all the lieges gather round to gaze.

[1] The Samiry Rajah of Malabar.

24 Amid the swarming rout that thronged to view,
cometh a Moslem, who was born and bred
in distant Barb'ary 'mid her barbarous crew,
there, where in antient day Antæus sway'd:
Right well the Lusitanian realm he knew,
or by the scanty distance thither led,
or 'signèd by the Sword and Fortune's brand,
to long-drawn exile in a foreign land.

25 With jocund mien our Messenger to sound,
for-that he speaketh well the speech of Spain,
he thus:—"Who brought thee to this new world's bound,
far from thy Fatherland, the Lusitan?"
"Op'ening," respondeth he, "the seas profound
which never openèd the race of man;
for Indus' mighty flood we hither bore,
to win for Holy Faith one triumph more."

26 By the long voyage sore astonied stood
the Moor Monsaydé, thus his name was known;
when told the Lusian how the terr'ible flood
had all the temper of a tyrant shown:
But, as that errand's drift, he understood,
concern'd the Ruler of the Land alone,
he tells the stranger how the Monarch lay
outside the city at a little way:

And that while travelled to the royal ear 27
news of that advent strange, if judged he meet,
repairing to his humble dwelling near,
'twere well refreshment of the land to eat;
whence by short rest restorèd and good cheer,
the twain together might regain the Fleet;
for life has nothing like the joy and glee
wherewith near neighbours meet in far countrie.

The Portingall, accepting not ingrate 28
what glad Monsaydé for his guest deviseth;
as though their friendship were of olden date,
eats, drinks, and does whate'er the host adviseth:
Now from the City wend they, making straight
towards the Squadron which the Moor agniseth;
and scale the Flagship's flank, where all the crew
with kindly glances Moor Monsaydé view.

Embraceth him our Chief, whom hugely please 29
the well-remembered accents of Castile;
seateth him near, and asketh him at ease
anent the land and folk therein that dwell.
Even as flockt on Rhodopé the trees,
to hear the Lover of the Damosel
Eurydice, his lyre of gold resound,
the Folk to hearken flockt the Moor around.

Then he: "O Nation! who by Nature's hand 30
was 'stablished neighbour to my natal nide,
what mighty Chance, what Destiny's command
upon such voyage drave you far and wide?
Not causeless, no; though darkly, deeply plan'd
from unknown Minho, distant Tagus-tide,
your course o'er Oceans aye by keel unplow'd
to Reigns such distance and such dangers shroud.

"God bringeth you, pardie! for He intendeth 31
some special service which your works await:
For this alone He guideth and defendeth
from en'emies, Ocean and the winds' wild hate.
Know, that ye look on Inde wherein extendeth
a world of nations, rich and fortunate
in lucent gold, and gems of princely price,
and odorif'erous fumes and biting spice.

"This Province, in whose Port your ships have tane 32
refuge, the Malabar by name is known;
its ántique rite adoreth idols vain,
Idol-religion being broadest sown:
Of divers Kings it is; but 'twas the Reign,
as olden legend saith, of only one,
hight the last King was Sarmá Perimal,[1]
who 'neath one sceptre held the Kingdom all.

[1] Perimál Princes of Malayálam.

" But as this region there and then was sought 33
by other races from the Arab Bight,
who Mahometic worship with them brought,—
the same my parents planted in my sprite,—
it hapt their wisdom and their pray'ers so wrought
upon the Perimal; and lit such light
that to the Faith convert with fervour high,
he only hoped a Saint in it to die.

" He mans his ships and loads with merchandise 34
and many an offering curious, rare and rich,
and there religious life to lead he hies
where lies our Prophet who our Law did preach:
But ere abandon'd home, his satrapies,
that lackèd lawful heir, he parts to each
and all he lovèd: Hence his intimates he
from want made wealthy, and from serfdom free.

" To this Cochim, to that falls Cananor, 35
one hath Chalé, another th' Isle Piment,
a third Coulam, a fourth takes Cranganor,
the rest is theirs with whom he rests content.
Only one Youth, for whom warm love he bore,
when all was parted, did himself present:
Nothing save Calecut for him remainèd,
which, by her traffick, wealth and rank had gainèd.

" On him the title par'amount he bestows 36
of Emperor, with sway o'er ev'ery state ;
and, made this partage, there he dil'igent goes,
where, after Santon-life, he met his fate :
Thus 'twas the name of Samorim arose,—
of all this region proudest potentate,—
borne by the Youth, and by his heirs from whom
this who now wields imperial pow'er is come.

" The Law that holds the people, high and low, 37
is fraught with false phantastick tales long past :
they go unclothèd, but a wrap they throw
for decent purpose round the loins and waist :
Two modes of men are known ; the nobles know
the name of Nayrs, who call the lower caste
Poléas, whom their haughty laws contain
from intermingling with the higher strain :

" For men who aye had office in one guise 38
with mates of other office ne'er may wive ;
nor may the son the calling exercise
save sire's and foresires' long as he shall live.
These Nayrs as sin and shame, forsooth, despise
the touch of outcasts, and they fain believe
that, peradventure, if the touch occur,
a thousand rites must wash their bodies pure.

"In sim'ilar form the Júdæan fólk of òld 39
touch'd not the peoples of Samaria-reign:
But strangenesses far stranger than I've told
of varied usages shall meet your eyne.
None save the Nayrs affront the manifold
chances of war, who like stone-wall sustain
their King from enemies, arms aye in hand,
in left the target, and in right the brand.

"Entitled Brahmins are their ghostly race, 40
time-honour'd title of high eminence:
His far-famed precepts, eke, they still embrace
who first to Science lent a modest sense:[1]
A living thing to kill they hold as base,
such be from ev'ery flesh their abstinence:
Only in joys venereal their delight
hath more of licence and a laxer rite.

"Common the women are, although confine'd 41
to those belonging to their husbands' blood:
Happy condition! happy humankind,
who over jealous wrongs may never brood!
These and more customs various shall ye find
among the Mal'abar men still holding good:
Great is the country, rich in ev'ery style
of goods from China sent by sea to Nyle."

[1] Pythagoras the Philosophos, not Sophos.

Thus spake the Moorman: Now on vagueing wing 42
about the city Rumour wildly flew
with bruit of foreign comers; when the King
sent out his servants seeking tidings true:
Then through the streets begirt by mighty ring
of ev'ery age and sex that flockt to view,
came the Grandees who by the King were bade
to bring the Captain of the strange Armade.

But he by royal leave allow'd for land 43
to change his floating home, accompanied
by his stout Portingalls, a chosen band
in richest robes to meet the Monarch hied:
The beauteous contrasts of the hues command
the crowd's approval, who with wonder eyed:
Smiteth the cadence'd oar with cooly gleam
now the salt ocean, then the frore fresh stream.

There stood a Regent of the Realm ashore, 44
a chief, in native parlance "Cat'ual[1]" hight,
by noble Nayrs surrounded, waiting for
illustrious Gama, with a strange delight:
Now to the land our Chief in arms he bore,
and a rich-cushion'd couch in litter light
he proff'ereth as a coach (an usage old),
which bearer-people on their shoulders hold.

[1] Kot-wál, captain of fort.

Thus he of Lusus, he of Malabar, 45
wend whither sitteth 'waiting them the King:
Follow the Portingalls in form of War
for foot-troops, marching fierce and threatening:
The people, buzzing with confusèd jar
to see the strangers, fain of questioning
gather'd, but in the cent'uries long gone by
the Babel-tower did such hope deny.

Now with the Cat'ual Gama speech exchangèd 46
on things th' occasion and the moment chose:
Interpreteth the tongues so far estrangèd
Monsaydé, for the twain right well he knows.
Thus the procession through the City rangèd,
whither a noble, splendid pile arose;
and, reached the precincts of a sumptuous Fane,
through the tall portals paced on equal plane.

Here frightful forms of men's idolatries 47
stand carved in lifeless stock and death-cold stone,
varied in gestures, various of dyes,
e'en as by feigning Fiend to man made known:
Abominable forms the sight surprise
with mingled members like Chimæra shown:
The Christians, wont to see their God-in-Man,
these hybrid monsters with blank wonder scan.

48

One bore two horns insculpture'd on his brow
like Jove called Ammon in the Libyan wold ;
this, double faces on one form did show,
like two-faced Janus limned in church of old ;
that had of arms a long divided row
mocking Briareus' members manifold ;
that thing a canine front external bore,
such as th' Anubis Memphians did adore.

49

The barb'arous Géntoo in his Gods' abode
a superstitious adoration paid ;
then both went straight, ne'er straying from the road,
where the vain people's King his sojourn made :
The stream of starers fuller still o'erflow'd,
for all to sight the stranger Chief essay'd ;
while to the roofs and casements gazing came
greybeard and stripling, damosel and dame.

50

Now near they, marching with no shorten'd stride,
fair fragrant gardens and perfumèd bowers,
wherein the royal palace-buildings hide,
a structure sumptu'ous though not tall in towers :
The chiefs and nobles choose to build and 'bide
where cooly bosquets teem with fruits and flowers :
Thus dwell the rulers of the race, delighting
in seats the City and the Camp uniting.

The precinct-portals by their work betray 51
subtleties telling of the dædal hand,
in forms whose noble presences display
the hoar antiquities of India-land :
The marvel-stories of her antient day,
with such a living art enfigured stand,
that whoso reads them with a lore exact,
knows from the Fiction what hath been the Fact.

There puissant armies show and proudly tread 52
that Orient region which Hydaspes laves ;
a smooth brow'd Capitayne is at the head,
and with his leafy Thyrsus leads his Braves.
By him was Nysa-city 'stablishèd
hard by the margin of the murm'urous waves ;
so proper was the God e'en Semelé
her son beholding would have said, " 'Tis he ! "

And there yon arrowy river draining dry 53
th' Assyrian peoples multitud'inous bear
a queenly sceptre, fem'inine seigniory,
of fair the fairest and as foul as fair.[1]
Fast by her side with fury flaming high
her sculptured genet proudly paweth air,
in whom her son a rival lover fand
Oh vile incont'inence ! Oh amour nefand !

[1] Semiramis.

At farther distance trembled in their pride 54
the flags and banners of the glorious Greek,
of Monarchies the Third, and conqu'ering hied
far as the bill'owy Gange his sea doth seek:
That youthful Captain's semblance is their guide,
whom Vict'ory's wreathèd palms of valour deck,
who claims a seat among the Gods above
no longer Philip's son, but son of Jove.

While on these mem'ories dwelt the Portughuese, 55
thus did the Cat'ual to the Captain say:—
"Soon dawns the day when other victories
shall these thou seest, dim and disarray:
Here shall indited be new histories,
made by the Wand'erers who shall wend this way:
Thus Fate was found by wise and wizard men,
inspirèd Magians who the future ken.

"And eke inspireth them the magick sense, 56
that nought availeth to defend such Ill,
of all that mortals bring to their defence;
for earthly Wits must bend to heav'enly Will:
It also saith the Stranger's excellence
in Arts of Peace, as in his bellic skill,
shall be so puissant, all the world shall know
the Conq'ueror's measure by his conquered Foe."

Discoursing thus they reached the levée-hall, 57
wherein that great and glorious Emperor
sat on a cushion'd couch which, though 'twas small,
for work and worth was never seen before :
Showed his reclining gest imperial
a potent, grave, and prosperous Signior :
Golden his loin-cloth, and the diadem
that crowns his brow doth blaze with many a gem.

Hard by his side an old man reverent, 58
knelt on the floor, and now and then a few
green leaves of pungent pepper did present,
in wonted usage for the Sire to chew.
A Brahmin, personage pre-eminent,
with gliding gait beside the Gama drew,
and led him up the potent King to greet,
who with a nod designed a facing seat.

When near that splendid couch took place the guest, 59
and others farther off, prompt glance and keen
the Samo'rim cast on folk whose garb and gest
were like to nothing he had ever seen :
Then, speaking gravely from his stately breast,
adding authority to noble mien,
and gaining credence of the King and crowd,
his royal message spake our Chief aloud :—

60 "A mighty King there thronèd, whither roll
voluble Heavens in eternal round,
where Earth by Earth conceals the rays of Sol,
tingeing the world he left with gloom profound;
hearing the rumours which from distant goal
respond to Echo, how on Indic ground
thine is the sole imperial Majesty,
the knot of Friendship lief would knit with thee.

61 "And by long devious courses his command
sent me to say, that all things mercantile,
which go by ocean or which go by land,
supplied by realms betwixt the Tage and Nyle;
from foggy Zealand's frore Pole-fronting strand,
to the far lands where Sol ne'er changeth style
of days, that splendid shine on Æthiop shore,
all these his kingdom holds in mighty store.

62 "And if thou wilt, with pacts and firmest ties
of naked, sacred Peace and Friendship rare,
allow exchange of superfluities
his earth and thine with like abundance bear;
making the rents and rev'enues richer rise
(wherefore men toil and travail, sweet and fare)
for both the countries, certès, shall pertain
to him great glory and to thee great gain.

"And when thus knitted Friendship's steadfast knot 63
which aye you mighty monarchs twain shall bind,
prompt will he be against all adverse lot,
by chance of warfare to thy reign design'd,
with soldiers, arms, and ships; so men shall wot
thy friend and brother they in him shall find:
He hopeth eke that when thy course is tracèd
by sure response to see my mission gracèd."

Such royal message spake our Chief before 64
the Géntoo King, who thus vouchsafed reply,
that to receive such fair Ambassador
from land so far he holdeth honour high:
But that his final will fain standeth o'er
till tane the counsel of his ministry,
who shall make certain, after long debate,
what King he speaketh of, what race, what state.

Meanwhile from labours past the Chief may wend 65
where rest awaits him, and in brief delay
to the despatch he will due care extend,
whereby their King shall greet their homeward way.
This said, brought sombre Night the wonted end
to human labours of the livelong Day,
soothing the weary limbs with balmy swoon,
and tirèd eyne with sweet Oblivion's boon.

The Gama, with his Portingalls remainèd, 66
whom, upon hospitable thought intent,
the noble Indian Regent entertainèd
with feast and joy and general content.
The Cat'ual, to his monarch's service trainèd,
sought surest tidings; 'twas his regiment
to learn how, when, and whence the Folk had come,
what laws were theirs, what customs, and what home.

Soon as he saw the Delian Car of fire 67
the fair Youth drives, come forth and light restore,
he summoneth Monsaydé for desire
to know the strangers new to th' Indian shore.
Ready and curious now he 'gins enquire
if certain signs, pure proofs, the Moorman bore
anent these foreigners, as men had said
hard by his country they were born and bred:

That punct'ual proof partic'ular he must bring 68
with general information; as 'twould be
notable service done to tell the King
all that could guide him in such novelty.
Rejoins Monsaydé:—"Alb'eit ev'erything
I lief recount, yet count it not from me:
I only ken they bide in distant Spain,
where bathe my nest and Phœbus in the Main.

"They hold a Prophet's Law who was begot 69
sinless, nor stained with carnal detriment
His Virgin-Mother; Him the Breath [1] they wot
of God who holdeth Earth in government.
But what my sires ancestral ne'er forgot,
of them, is Valour fierce, sanguinolent
in arms, that on their arm resplendent gloweth,
as many a Geste with our forefathers showeth.

"For they, with brav'ery better than of man, 70
outdrave our grandsires from the fertile leas
where fresh Guadiána and rich Tagus ran,
with famed and memorable instances:
Still seeking triumphs, in far African
parts, spurning perils of the stormy seas
our plans of safety and of peace they foil,
they break our lofty walls, our towns they spoil.

"Nor less of force and fraud they showed, whene'er 71
kindled were other wars by Fate's decree,
or when Spain's warlike sons to fight would fare,
or there, when others poured down Pyrenee:
And thus, in fine, to thrust of foreign spear
ne'er bowed they, owning alien mastery
ne'er yet was known, I swear no man can tell us
to Hannibals like these e'er came Marcellus.

[1] Ruh Allah (the Breath of Allah).

" And if my tidings faulty seem and few, 72
what thou requirest that to ask them send ;
ask of themselves, for they be proud and true
and falsehoods most annoy them and offend :
Go see their fleet and arms, their manner view
of moulded metal, ready all to shend :
Wend thou and note the Lusians' various art
in Peace and War, the sight shall glad thy heart."

Flamed with desire the Idol-servant's mind 73
to sight the marvels told him by the Moor :
He bade the boats be manned, and straight incline'd
to view the vessels which the Gama bore :
Both leave the foreshore, and their boat behind
came Nayran hosts, till Ocean curdled o'er :
They scale the Flagship's gunwales strong and tall ;
and, reacht the main-deck, are received by Paul.

Her purple awnings and her banners shine 74
with the rich tissue which the worm hath made ;
whereon appear portray'd with rare design
the warlike actions of the mighty Dead :
Here show fierce accidents of 'battled line,
and there fere single-fights, a scene of dread,
wherefrom the Géntoo seeking all to 'spy
may not withdraw the pleasure of his eye.

He asks of all he sees: But Gama pray'd 75
he first be seated, and in cool retreat
be pleased to taste the food before him spread,
which Epicurus' sect holds highest treat.
The spumy vases gen'erous liquors shed
which first did Noah make the world to weet:
Yet nills the Géntoo-man to break his fast,
as 'twas forbidden by the laws of Caste.

The blaring Trumpet, which in Peace the thought 76
of Warfare im'ages, rends the lift like thunder:
The diabolick instruments fire-fraught
wake slumb'ering echoes there, the sea-depths under.
Noted the Géntoo all: But most he sought
to read th' intention and the works of wonder
done by the Heroes which in scanty space
Picture, mute Poesy, had power to trace.

He riseth, Gama rising by his side, 77
and there Coelho with the Mauritan:
With curious eyne a warlike form they eye'd,
an old white Sire of aspect sovereign,
whose name and honours in our hearts shall 'bide,
long as the World shall know the name of man:
In garb of Grecian usage stands he dight,
bearing device of leaf-branch in his right.

His right a leaf-branch bore :—But oh ! how blind 78
I madly rush to 'tempt without your stay,
ye Nymphs of Tagus and Mondego kind,
a path so varied, long and ard'uous way !
Lend me your favour while my way shall wind
o'er the deep Ocean 'mid the Storm's affray ;
for sore I fear me an ye leave the helm
the waves my fragile barque shall overwhelm.

See how my Lay so long to sing hath striven 79
your Tagus and the Lusians dear to you,
how oft this exile Fate from home hath driven,
new labours ever suff'ering, losses new :
Now tempting Ocean, then all helpless driven
the dread Mavortian risks and wrongs to rue ;
self-doomed as Canacé to death abhor'd,
in this hand aye the Pen, in that the Sword :

Now sunk by hateful scornèd Penury 80
to chew the bitter bit of beggar-bread :
Then mockt by Hope already brought so nigh
to be anew and more than e'er misled :
Then with bare life in hand condemned to fly
where life depended from so fine a thread ;
only a greater miracle could save,
than what to Judah's King[1] new life-lease gave.

[1] Hezekiah.

And still, my Nymphs! 'twas not enough of pain 81
such sorrow-clouds around my life should close;
but they, for whom I sang the patriot-strain,
with sad return must pay my toils, my throes:
In place of Peace and Rest I hoped to gain,
in lieu of Bay-wreaths bound around my brows,
troubles by men unseen they must invent,
when ills of every kind my soul torment.

Behold, ye Nymphs! what high-bred Lords and wise 82
breedeth your Tagus, what a gen'erous race,
who in such fashion with such favours prize
the Bard whose boon hath lent their lordships grace!
For coming writers what examples rise
to raise Man's genius to its Pride of Place,
to shrine memorious in the Poet's story
Deeds that deserve to gain eternal glory!

But since such hosts of ills around me lie, 83
let not my Fancy of your favour fail
here chiefest wanted as the goal draws nigh,
that mighty feats wax mightier by my tale:
Aid me you only, long indeed sware I
no grace to grant where good doth not prevail,
and none to flatter whatso their degrees,
on pain of losing all my pow'er to please.

Think not, ah no, my Nymphs! I would enfame 84
the man who dares his country and his King
forget for private int'erest's pit'iful claim,
by law of God and Man a felon thing.
Nor poor ambition, whose degraded aim
is to win office, shall my Song e'er sing,
whose only object in th' ignoble prize
is larger range of Vice and Infamies.

None, who misusing pow'ers on him confer'd, 85
makes them the panders of his ugly greed;
none, who to court and cringe before the herd
in change of figure Proteus shall exceed.
From me, Camenæ, fear no fav'ouring word
for him who comes, in grave and honest weed,
in new-born rank his King contenting more,
to fleece and flay the miserable poor.

Nor him who, holding 'tis but just and right, 86
his King's severest orders to fulfil,
holds it not Justice fitly to requite
the servile brows that weary sweat distil:
Nor him whose bosom, lacking pract'ical light,
seeketh for causes, and by prudent skill
taxeth with niggard heart and hand unfair,
the toils of aliens which he doth not share.

Only of men I'll sing the glorious name 87
who riskèd darling life for God, for King;
when losing life they lengthened life by fame,
and well deserved the best that Bard can sing.
Apollo and the Nine, who with me came,
redoubled fury to my song shall bring
when rest and breathing from my travail tane
I to my toil refresht shall come again.

CANTO VIII.

ARGUMENT

OF THE EIGHTH CANTO.

THE Governor of Calecut seeth various pictures upon the banners of the Armada; and heareth the account of them given by Paul da Gama: Origin of the word "Lusitania": Glorious feats of the Portugueze Kings (and of their Vassals) till the reign of King D. Afonso V.: The Samori ordereth the Haruspices to consult futurity respecting the Armada: They report to him evil of the Navigators: They attempt to destroy Da Gama who satisfieth the King in a notable speech.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Vêm-se de Lusitania os Fundadores,
E aquelles, que por feitos valerosos,
De alta memoria são merecedores,
De hymnos, e de versos numerosos:
Como de Calecut os Regedores,
Consultam os Haruspices famosos,
E corruptos com dadivas possantes,
Tratam de destruir os navegantes.

Seen are the Founders of the Lusian race,
And Braves whose valiant actions brightest shine,
On Mem'ory's page deserving highest place,
And tuneful hymn, and Poet's numbered line: (1—42)
What way of Calecut the Regents base
Consult the famous Augurs who design,
Bought with all-puissant bribes, to show their skill,
And by their cunning the Discov'erers kill. (43—end)

CANTO VIII.

TARRIED the Cat'ual, standing mute before 1
the first of painted forms that stood in sight;
who for Device in hand a leaf-branch bore,
with meteor-beard, long-flowing, flossy-white.
"Whose counterfeit presentment this; wherefore
the strange device he holdeth in his right?"
When Paul, with sober accents answering said,—
while the wise Moor for both interpretèd:—

"All of these figures which to thee are shown 2
so bold in bearing, dreadful to behold,
and bolder, dreader far, the men were known
in mouth of Fame, for words and works of old:
Antients yet moderns are, still brighter grown
with names in Genius' highest rank enrol'd:
This first in sight is Lusus, from whose fame
our 'Lusitania' gained her royal name.

" He was the Theban's son or comrade tried, 3
the God who divers regions overran;
it seems he came to hold our Spanish nide,
pursuing conquests which his youth began:
Douro's and Guadiána's plains of pride,
of yore 'Elysian Fields,' his fancy wan
so much, he there would give his weary bones
the Tomb eterne, the term our country owns.

" The branch-Device, thou see'st him bear in hand, 4
is the green Thyrsus Bacchus wont to wield,
which to our cent'ury doth belief command
he was a comrade or belovèd child.
See'st thou yon other treading Tagus-land,
the Plow'er who long hath plow'd the wild Sea-field,
where the perpetual walls he reared on high,
and fane of Pallas for all memory?

" Ulysses 'tis who builds that sacred fane 5
to her, whose favour tongue facund supplies;
if there he fired tall Troy on Asian plain
here made he mighty Lisbon's walls arise."
" Who have we here, who cumbers with the slain
the field, whose furious presence frights the eyes?
He drives great armies to disgraceful rout,
and on his banners painted eagles float."

The Géntoo thus, and Gama's answer came :— 6
"Thou see'st a Herdsman who his flock forsook ;
we know that Viriátus was his name,
who aye preferred the Lance before the Crook :
He shook and shattered Roman pride and fame ;
from this unvanquisht victor ne'er she took
Ah, no ! nor ever could her power take
the primacy which Pyrrhus failed to break.

"Not force but fraud she used, and underhand 7
she filcht his life that cowed her coward sprite ;
for mighty straits make men of honest brand
break the magnan'imous laws of Honour bright.
This other here, against his angry land
with us forgatherèd, an exiled wight :
Right well chose he the men wherewith to rise,
and of immortal lustre snatch the prize.

"Thou see'st with us he beats the Flags that bear 8
Jove's valiant birds, victorious, sovereign ;
e'en in those days no Braves so brave but wear
our yoke, subjected to our might and main :
See his so subtle arts, his wily care
the people by his deep design to gain ;
that Prophet-Hind aye dealing wise advice :
Sertorius he ; the Doe is his Device.

"See now this other painted flag upon, 9
of our first Kings the great progenitor:
Our Hist'ory makes him to be Hung'ary's son,
but strangers say Lorraine the hero bore.
When with the chivalry of proud Leon
and the Gallego he lay low the Moor,
unto Sanct Sep'ulchre saintly Henry hied
that might his kingly trunk be sanctified."

"Say, prithee, who be this that frights my sight?" 10
(asketh th' astonied man of Malabar)
"who all these squadrons, all these men of might
with his thin legions thus can rout and mar?
Who breaks such bulwarks proud in breadth and height,
who gives such battle, never tired of war,
who comes so many crowns in many parts
to trample under foot, and estandarts?"

"The First Afonso 'tis," the Gama spake, 11
"by whom the Moor all Portugalia lost;
for whom Fame swàre her oath by Stygian Lake
no more of noble Roman name to boast:
The Zealot he whom God would ne'er forsake
by whose brave arm He tames the Moorish host,
for whom their wallèd reign He lays so low
no more is left for future days to do.

"Had Cæsar, or King Alexander led 12
a power so puny, men-at-arms so few,
against the multitudes unnumberèd
this excellent Commander overthrew;
deem not their names had earth thus overspread,
nor could their deathless glories death subdue:
But leave we such inexplicable Deeds
and see what worth of vassal-men he leads.

"This whom thou seest sight with kindling eye 13
his broken pupil, fierce in high disdain
bidding him rally flying hosts, and try
once more the desp'erate fortunes of the plain:
Returneth Youth with Age to do or die,
and turns the vanquisht Vanquisher again:
Egas Moníz, the gallant vet'eran hight,
is Knighthood's mirror to each loyal knight.

"See' him here self-yielded with his sons he goes, 14
naked of silk and cloth with neck in cord,
because the Youth to break the promise chose
which to Castile he gave with plighted word:
He lured by specious promises the foes
to raise the siege when sov'ereign waged the sword:
To life's last pains he dooms his sons and wife
and self-condemnèd saves his Liege's life.

"Less did the Consul[1] whom the hosts surround 15
when to the Caudine Forks he careless came,
and there his head to bow and pass was bound
'neath the triumphant Samnites' yoke of shame:
This, blamed at home, an inborn firmness found
to yield him singly, true to constant aim;
this other yieldeth self and innocent seed
and wife,—more glorious and more grievous deed.

"See'st thou the Brave who, left his ambuscade, 16
falls on the King besieging yon tall town,
the town unsieging and the King waylaid:
Illustrious action Mars might call his own!
See him, here wends he, limned in yon Armade,
till eke at sea the Moormen slain or flown
lost all their galleys; while he claims the prize
that heads our host of mar'itime victories:

"Fuás Roupinho 'tis; o'er wave and land 17
his name shall aye resplend with equal light,
reflecting flames that lit his daring hand
in Moorman galleys under Ab'yla's height.
See how at just and saintly War's command
happy he loses life in holy fight:
Enters by Moorish hands the heavenly calm
his Soul, triumphant with the well-won Palm.

[1] Spurius Posthumius.

18 "See'st not this Gath'ering in strange garb that came
swarming from out yon Navy new and brave,
who holp our first of Kings the foe to tame
and 'leaguing Lisbon saintly proof they gave?
Behold Henrique,[1] Knight of peerless fame,
and eke the Palm that grew beside his grave:
Thro' them His marvels God to man hath shown:—
Germans be they the martyrs CHRIST shall own.

19 "Behold a Churchman brandishing his skeyne
against Arronches which he takes, the chance
of Leïría 'venging lately tane
by men who couch for Mafamed the lance.
'Tis Theotonio, Prior.[2] See again
besiegèd Sant'arem, and shalt see the glance
assured that figures on the mure and first
wave o'er the walls the Quinal Banner durst:

20 "See here he hies, where low our Sancho layeth
the Vandal Moor who in fierce fight atones;
pierceth th' opponent host, his Antient slayeth,
and trails th' Hispalic pendon o'er the stones:
Mem Moniz he, who in his life portrayeth
the valour buried with his Father's bones;
digne of these Banners, since his force ne'er failèd
to raise his own, to rout whate'er assailèd.

[1] Slain at the capture of Lisbon. [2] Now Saint.

"Behold that other, sliding down his spear,— 21
bearing two head of sentinels he slew,—
better to hide his ambush; now appear
his Braves whose might and sleight the town o'er-
threw:
And now her 'scutcheon shows the Cavalier
proper who holds in hand the coupèd two
cold ghastly heads. A deed ne'er done indeed!
Giraldo Sem-pavor[1] the stout name read.

"See'st not a Spaniard[2] who, dissatisfied 22
with our ninth King Afonso, by old hate
of Lara movèd, with the Moor abide
in friendship hostile to our Port'ugal state?
Abrantes town he takes accompanied
by the hard Infidel, his Moorish mate:
But see a Portingall with pow'er so spare
rout him, and stoutly lead him prisoner:

"Martim Lopés the Knight by name is known 23
who from the traitors palms and laurels took.
But here behold the Bishop Mil'itant shown,
who changed for steely Lance his golden Crook:
See him, 'mid faithless faithful found alone,
fight to refuse refusing, shake and shock
the cruel Moorman: See in shining skies
the sign whereby his few he multiplies.

[1] "Sans-peur," who captured Evora.
[2] D. Pedro Fernandez de Castro.

" See, fly the Kings of Cord'oba and Sevile 24
routed, with other twain in shortest tale :
Routed ! nay, rather, ruined. Miracle
God-wrought, not worked by arm of mortal frail !
See Alcacer low bend her haughty will ;
ne tow'ers of flesh, ne walls of steel avail
'gainst Lisbon's Bishop, Dom Mathéus : See !
crowned with the palmy crown there standeth he.

" Behold a Master of Castilian line,[1] 25
a Portingall by right of birth, o'errun
Algarves Kingdom till she shows no sign
of men-at-arms his force hath not undone :
By guile, and might and main, and star benign
towns, castles, cities, all are stormed and won.
Soon 'spite her townsmen Tavila-town he breaks,
and for the Se'ven slain Hunters vengeance takes.

" See him with bellic arts from Moormen gain 26
Sylves, they gainèd with enormous host :
Paio Corrêa 'tis, whose might and main
and cunning purpose men aye envy most.
Nor pass the fighting three[2] in France and Spain
who won a name that never shall be lost
for tournay, challenges and joustings gay ;
winning of publick trophies proud display :

[1] Grand Master of Sant'Iago (Stanza 26).

[2] Fernam Martinez de Santarem, Vasco Yannes and Gonçalo Ribeiro (Stanza 27).

" See'st them? how clept 'Adventurers,' they came 27
Castileward, whence alone the prize and pride
they bore, the winnings of Bellona's game
as to their loss all found a fall who tried:
See them strike down the Knights of proudest fame
who of the three the principal defied,
'tis Gónçalo Ribéiro, name so brave
hath nought to fear from Lethe's whelmy wave.

" To one attend, whose Fame so far extendeth, 28
that with no fame of old she rests content,
who, when his country on a thread dependeth
lends stalwart shoulders to the burthen bent;
See'st not how anger-flusht he reprehendeth
the cowèd throng's suspicions cold and lent;
and makes the wretches hail the gentle rein
of home-born King, not foreign Suzerain?

" See him, with daring and advice replete 29
God-guarded only and by Holy Star,
make possible th' impossible, and defeat
one-handed, proud Castilia's pow'er of war.
See how by valour aided, might and wit,
in second slaughter vict'ory similar
he gains o'er those who, fierce as infinite, dwell
betwixt Tartessus and Guadiána's vale?

" See'st not already all but overthrown 30
our Lusitanian pow'er, when left his line
the Capitayne devout, who wends alone
t' invoke that Essence, the Most Highest Trine ?
Now see him summoned hast'ily by his own,
who plead that Fortune must parforce incline
to whelming force, and pray his presence cheer
the soldiers, and enforce their feeble fear.

" Yet see the careless holy confidence, 31
wherewith ' 'Tis not yet time,' he answerèd ;
as one in God reposing trust immense
of human vict'ory won by heav'enly aid :
E'en so Pompilius, hearing the offence
of en'emies urging o'er his land the raid,
to him who brought the heavy news replies,
' But I, you see, am off'ering sacrifice ! '

" If one whose Brave'ry rests his God upon, 32
perchance thou wouldest know how named and known,
' Portugale's Scipio ' is the name he won,
but ' Nuno Alvares ' claims more renown.
Happy the Land that bare her such a son !
or, rather sire : For long as Suns look down
on Earth where Ceres and joint Neptune reign
for such a Scion she shall sigh in vain.

"In the same Warfare see what prizes gaineth 33
this other Captain of a slender band;
driving commanders he the drove regaineth
which they had lifted with audacious hand:
See how the lance again in gore he staineth
only to free, at Friendship's firm command,
his thrallèd friend whom Honour made a thrall:—
Pero Rodrígues 'tis of Landroal.

"Look on this Treachetour[1] and how he payeth 34
his caitiff trick'ery and his perj'ury fell;
Gil Fernandes of Elvas 'tis that slayeth
the wretch, and sends him to his proper Hell:
Harrying Xeres-plain the crops he layeth
with floods of blood that raineth proud Castile:
But see how Rúy Pereira's face and front
enshield the galleys, bearing battle-brunt.

"See yon sev'enteen to Lusus who belong 35
upon this hillock standing, life defend
against the Spaniards who four hundred strong,
to take them captive in their rear extend:
But to their sorrow these shall find ere long
the stout defenders also can offend:
Feat digne to last till Earth succumb to Time;—
in the far Past, in Present day sublime!

[1] Paio Rodriguez Marinho.

" How the three hundred Braves, 'twas known of old, 36
did with a thousand Romans battle wage,
in the good times when virile deeds and bold
which Viriátus did, illumed his age:
He snatcht memorious triumphs from their hold,
bequeathing this our noblest heritage,
the Brave tho' few shall ne'er the Many fear,
as sithence thousand times we proved full clear.

" Pedro and Henry view, those Infants twain 37
of kingly John the gen'erous progeny:
That gars his fame illustrious to remain
in German-land and doometh Death to die:
This Prince inspired by Heaven claimed the Main
as her Explorer; and lay bare the lie
of tumid Moor's vain boast in Ceita's wall,
and, forced the gateway, entered first of all.

" See'st Country Pedro,[1] daring to support 38
two sieges laid by Barb'ary's might entire;
and see'st yon other Count[2] who shows the port
of earthly Mars in martial force and fire:
Sufficeth not to fence Alcacer-fort
from swarming hosts; his spirit flieth higher,
his King's beloved life the Brave defends
as stone-wall standing till his own he ends.

[1] P. de Menezes, first Governor of Ceuta.
[2] His son, D. Duarte, who saved D. Afonso V.

"And here the Painters who in Art prevail, 39
pardie, had many painted and portray'd;
but fail their pencils and their colours, fail
prize, praise, and premium, of Art's life the bread.
Fault of the vices flowing from th' entail
of men degen'erate, who so far have stray'd
from valour's paths where trod their lustrous sires,
deep mired in vanities and low desires.

"Those high illustr'ious Fathers who gave birth 40
to generations on their grace depending,
fought for fair HONOUR, sternly strove on Earth
to found a fam'ily that could bear descending:
Blind! if paternal toils of priceless worth,
won name, fame, claim so far and wide extending,
they leave their lesser sons but more obscure,
when left in crap'ulous vice to live impure.

"Als there be others, sons of wealth and might, 41
who to no lordly tree by birth belong:
Fault of the Kings, who oft some favourite
prefer to thousands, wise and true and strong:
For these the painted Past hath poor delight,
feeling vain colours work them present wrong;
and aye as nat'ural foe in hate they bear
the speaking pictures which their semblance wear.

" Gainsay I not, that some of high descent 42
from wealthy houses, men of gen'erous strain,
still with their noble lives and excellent
'herited titles worthily sustain :
And if the light which ancestry hath lent
no novel glory by their doings gain,
at least it faileth not, nor dim it groweth :—
But ah ! few men like these the Painter knoweth."

Thus Gama's el'oquence told the mighty deeds, 43
disclosed by various tints to stranger view,
where Art to sing'ular Artist-hand concedes
depainting Nature with her nat'ural hue.
The Cat'ual's ready glance distinctly reads
the surd-mute story and the tale so true :
A thousand times he askt, a thousand heard
each tasteful battle which his eyne prefer'd.

And now the light a doubtful lustre showèd, 44
when veiled the mighty Lamp its lucent ray
beneath the sky's round rim, and lum'inous glowèd
on our Antipodes the smile of Day :
The gen'erous crowd of Nayrs and Géntoos rowèd
off from the stalwart ship on homeward way,
seeking repose and sleep's delicious swoon,
to weary beings Night-tide's gentle boon.

Meanwhile those Augurs who must fame affy 45
in false opinion, that by sacrifice
forecast of future things which dubious lie,
thro' diabolick sign and show they wis ;
by royal mandate hied Black Arts to ply,
and various offices 'gan exercise,
to find what projects brought across the Main
unheard of foreigners from unknown Spain.

By Demon-aidance truthful sign they learn, 46
how doth this novel visitor portend
a yoke perpet'ual, servitude eterne,
the Race's ruin and its valour's end.
Th' amazèd Augur, whom the proofs constern,
wends to the King and tells (e'en as he ken'd)
the fearful symptoms that had met his sight
by victim'd bowels brought anon to light.

These signs confirming, to a Priest devout, 47
a man of mark in Mafamedé's creed,
from preconceivèd hatred not remote
'gainst Holy Faith, that doth all faiths exceed,
in the False Prophet's form of evil note,
who drew his being from slave Hagar's seed,
Bacchus the hateful in a dream appears,
whose hate is doubled by redoubled fears.

"Guard ye, my children, guard ye,"—thus he spoke, 48
"from snares and perils laid by deadly foes
who o'er the tumid waters hither flock,
before the danger more immediate grows."
The Moorman, startled by these words, awoke
in visionary fear: But soon arose
the thought that vulgar dream his brain opprest,
and thus returned he tranquil to his rest.

When Bacchus thus returneth:—"Know'est thou not 49
the mighty Maker, who the Law devisèd
for thy forefathers, he whose will ye wot
and lacking whom had many been baptizèd?
I wake for thee, for me dost sleep, thou sot?
Then by the Future soon shalt be advisèd
how these new-comers come with bane and ban
to break the laws I taught to seely man.

"Until this feeble folk full force hath won, 50
contrive resistance in all manner o' ways;
for, easy 'tis upon the rising Sun
firm eyne to fix sans fear of blinding rays:
But, when to zenith hath his race been run
the strongest eye-sight that would dare to gaze
remaineth dazed, and so shall ye remain
unless ye let them ere the root be tane."

Then with the Dreamer's sleep away he speedeth : 51
Trembling remains th' astonisht Hagarene ;
springing from couch his slaves bring light he biddeth,
the fervid venom fest'ering in his spleen.
As the pale dawn-light, which the sun precedeth,
display'd her angel-cheek and brow serene,
convoked the Doctors of the turpid sect,
he of his vision renders 'count direct.

Divers opinions couchèd contrary 52
are told and heard as each best understood :
Astute waylayings, argute treachery,
were workt and woven in their vengeful mood :
But shirking treason which may danger dree,
they sought the spilling of the Strangers' blood
with plots and projects of the subtlest school,
by bribes the Rulers of the Land to rule.

With golden bribe, rich fee, and secret gift, 53
they strive the country-principals to please ;
showing with proofs discreet of not'able drift,
how shall perdition all the people seize ;
" These be," they say, " a folk of scanty thrift,
rovers who run from occidental seas,
pyratick rapine is their sole design,
sans Roy, sans Loy, or human or divine."

Ah! how behooves the King, who rules aright, 54
to choose his counc'illors or his friends belovèd,
by rule of conscience, Virtue's inner light,
whose sprites sincere affection long have provèd!
The man exalted to that dizzy height,
the kingly throne, of things from note removèd
can gain no notice sure, no knowledge clear,
save what th' adviser's tongue will teach his ear.

Much less I counsel Kings to rest secure 55
in the clear conscience of the men who show
of humble pauper cloak the form of lure;
Ambition haply lurketh rags below:
And men in all things pious, just, and pure,
often of worldly knowledge little know;
for ill shall trustful Innocence take part
in mundane matters, when God holds the heart.

But each and ev'ery Cat'ual gross in greed, 56
the puissant rulers of the Gentile herd,
gained by the glozings of the hellish breed,
unto the Portingalls dispatch defer'd.
Whereon the Gama,—whose one only heed
despite the mischief by the Moormen stir'd,
was at the kingly feet sure sign to lay
of the discover'd World left far away:—

Worketh for this alone, as well he knew 57
that, when sure tidings and clear proofs appear,
arms, armour, ships, and men would send anew
Mano'el, the King who rules the Realm sans peer;
that to his yoke and law he would subdue
the globèd earth, and e'en the wat'ery sphere;
himself was nothing but the dil'igent hand
that pioneer'd the road to Orient-land.

The Géntoo Monarch forth he fares to find, 58
that with dismissal he may wend his ways;
seeing already how the Moor's black mind
would baulk his heart's desire by long delays.
The King, who if by tales of forgèd kind
amazèd were, 'twould not so much amaze,
confiding fully in his Augurs' troth,
confirmèd too by Moormen's wordy froth:

Feels Fear a-freezing his ignoble breast: 59
Burneth on other hand a base desire,
which ever held his spirit in arrest,
flaming with Lucre-lust's unquench'able Fire:
The richest profit sees he manifest
appear in future, if with truth entire,
he make just contract and its cons'equent gain,
for long years offered by our Lusian Reign.

Hereon the counc'illors whom the King most prizèd 60
different counsels and opinions dealt;
for those whereby he wont to be advisèd
money's almighty magick might had felt.
To call our valiant Captain he devisèd,
and him when come thus spake:—"Now, an thou wilt
here in my presence own the rude clean truth,
thy felon actions still shall claim my ruth:

"The message, say they and I understand, 61
thy King hath sent me, is a falsehood vain;
no King doth own thee, ownest thou no land,
but leadest vaguing life upon the Main:
Say! who from ultimate Hispanian strand,
or King or Lord past hope of cure insane
would send his navies or one ship to stray
over such distant Ocean's dubious way?

"And if great wealthy kingdoms doth thy King 62
sway, as thou say'est with kingly majesty,
what rich rare presents do I see thee bring
earnests of doubtful unknown verity?
The splendid robe, the costly offering
betwixt high King and King link amity:
I hold no valid sign, no certain pledge,
the pleas a vagrant seaman may allege."

" If as hath hapt to many a high-born Brave, 63
perchance in exile be your lot to roam,
my land shall lend you refuge and shall save ;
for ev'ery country is the strong man's home :
If ye be Pyrats housed upon the wave,
own it me, fear nor infamy nor doom ;
for in all ages life to save must be
the primal law of life's necessity."

He thus : The Gama, who divin'd the game 64
perfidious, with a cunning treason play'd
by jealous Mahometick hearts, whence came
the foul suspicions which the King misled :
With high-soul'd confidence, as did beseem,
commanding credence which he merited,
bowing to Venus Acidalia's hest
proffered this answer from his prudent breast :—

" If man's orig'inal Sin in hoary Time, 65
whereby sore fall became our hapless fate,
had never caused the cup of deadly crime,—
that cruel scourge of every Christian state,—
with enmity to brim in every clime
for Adam's sons with falsity innate
(O King sublime !) of that foul turpid sect,
ne'er hadst thou held me of such deed suspect.

" But, sithence nought is won or good or high 66
sans stumbling-blocks, and sees each nobler deed
on fair Hope's footstep Fear aye following nigh,
which on its bosom-sweat delights to feed;
meseems thou deignest little to rely
on this my very truth, nor takest heed
of other reasons, which regard thou must
didst thou not trust to men unworthy trust.

" For, an I be a Robber rapine-fed, 67
undivagous, far banisht from mine own,
how can I, thinkest thou, so far have sped
to seek these seats unseen, these realms unknown?
By what false Hope, what love of profit led
should I 'mid angry seas my lot have thrown,
Antarctick rigours and the fires of air,
which they who dwell beneath the Ram must bear?

" If thou demand that gifts of high degree 68
must the good credit of my words maintain,
I came but stranger climes and skies to see
where Nature chose to set thine antient reign:
But if my Fortune grant such good to me
home to return and Fatherland regain,
By rich and splendid presents thou shalt learn
the 'assurèd tidings of my glad return.

" If this my visit Chance inop'inate seem, 69
that King should send from far Hesperian strand,
know that yon noble heart and bosom deem
no geste, no poss'ible feat too great and grand.
Well seems it fitting, that the thought supreme
of Lusian spirit should at least command
larger belief and faith of loft'ier flight,
and hold it boundless in its height and might.

" Know that long ages passèd, since our old 70
Kings with a settled purpose 'gan propose
to conquer toils and travails manifold,
which aye to noble plans their pow'er oppose.
They opèd hostile seas that fain withhold
from mortal man the boon of soft repose;
they willed to trace their bounds, to track their shore,—
the farthest margent where their billows roar.

" Conceit right worthy of his branch so blest 71
that vent'urous King,[1] who plowed in primal rank
the waves and drave from out his well-loved nest
the last possessor of Mount Ab'yla's flank:
He by rare Genius, toils that never rest,
unto one plank conjoining other plank,
disclosed the parts, where shine in clearest air
Argo with Hydra, Ara with the Hare.[2]

[1] D. Joam I. [2] Southern Constellations.

"These early seeds abundant harvest bore, 72
and waxt our bosoms braver till we came
little by little stranger paths t' explore,
devel'oping each an antecedent aim:
The latest dwellers on the Blackmoor shore
Austral, whose eyne ne'er saw the Sev'enfold Flame, [1]
were seen by us when left behind in turn
whatever peoples 'neath the Tropick burn.

"Thus with firm bosom, fixt resolve to win, 73
we vanquisht Fortune and we snatcht the prize,
till harbour'd this thy new-found kingdom in
we taught the crowning Column here to rise:
Cleaving perforce clean through the liquid tin,
horrible Tempests' importunities,
to thee we come, and only pray from thee
some sign and signal which our King shall see.

"This, King, be truth: Nor deem that I would make,— 74
for such uncertain good, such petty gain,
which, b'eing my words untrue, mote be the stake,—
such long proëmium forgèd, false and vain.
Liefer would I my rest unending take
on the fierce restless bosom of the Main
by mother Thetis rockt, a Pyrat dour
who makes his wealth by making others poor.

[1] Ursa Major.

"If then, Oh King! this honest truth of mine 75
thou take for what it is, one-fold, sincere,
aid us, to our despatch thy heart incline
and gust of glad return to mar forbear.
But an my tale appear some feigned design,
heed thou my pleadings proved so fair and clear,
as seen by Judgment-lights that never fail,
for Truth is strong and Truth shall aye prevail."

Th' attentive Monarch felt assured content 76
when thus Da Gama provèd his discourse:
Conceives in him reliance confident,
and the firm trust that lent his language force:
He weighs of every word the full intent
pond'ering the pleading from such trusty source;
and 'gins to hold as men by self deceivèd
those caitiff Cat'uals who had bribes receivèd.

Jointly his lucre-lust claims firm effect, 77
which Lusian contract shall he hopes ensure;
Hope bids him listen, and far more affect
the Captain's honour than the crafty Moor:
In fine he biddeth Gama hie direct
aboard, and thence from hurt and harm secure
the fittest stuffs for traffick shoreward send
against his spicey stores to truck or vend.

The stuffs to send, in fine, he gives command, 78
which in Gangetick realms the rarest be
if aught of value brought he from the land,
where ends the shore and where begins the sea.
Now from the Royal presence venerand
the Captain seeks the port to make his plea
before the Cat'ual honored with his charge,
for loan of boat as his were all at large.

For boat whereby to board his ship he pleadeth : 79
Yet the bad Regent plotting novel snare
wherein to 'trap the stranger, nought concedeth,
but stay and hindrance straightway doth prepare ;
Then, faring from the quay, his Guest he leadeth
far from the royal Palaces ; and there,
where kens the Monarch nought of such intent,
would work the mischief which his malice meant.

When reached the distant site, he 'gan to say 80
fitting conveyance should be soon supplied,
or to the dawning of the crastine day
the passage to defer he best decide.
But now perceivèd from prolonged delay
the Gama how the Géntoo was allied
with the deep-plotting Moors' revengeful brood,
a truth he had not hereto understood.

This Cat'ual also gifts and bribes had tane, 81
tempted like others by the Moslem folk;
eke was he chief who held the guiding rein
of all the cities 'neath the Samo'rim's yoke:
From him alone the Moormen looked to gain
their base and wicked wills by hook or crook:
He, who in concert vile with them conspires,
despaireth not to glut their ill desires.

To him the Gama with much instance prays 82
for passage shipward, but without avail;
for thus had order given, as he says,
the proud successor of the Perimal.
"What cause of hindrance here, why these delays
to land the stuffs and goods of Portugal?
Subjects perforce obey what Kings command
who dares their dreadful orders countermand?"

That bribed Cat'ual lent no heed as due 83
to the high words; nay more he rackt his thought
to find some subtle phantasy and new,
some deep and devilish scheme, some monstr'ous plot;
or how his brutal steel he might imbrue
in that detested blood he ever sought;
or how the vessels he might blast and burn
that none and nought therein may home return.

That none to Fatherland return intendeth, 84
and nothing less, the Moslems' fiendish plan;
so ne'er shall ken how far and wide extendeth
Th' Eöan land our sovran Lusitan.
In fine goes not the Gama whom forfendeth
of those barbarian hordes the ruling man;
lacking whose permit none might leave the beach
as all the boats were borne beyond his reach.

To the Chief's reasons and rough words replieth 85
that Idol-worshipper, he must command
to bring near shore the Fleet that distant lieth
so mote it easier be to board and land:
"Of foe or thief the tactick it implieth
when in far offing thus the vessels stand,"
quoth he, "for ne'er shall true and trusty friend
from those he loveth danger apprehend."

Shrewd Gama seeth in each wily word 86
the Cat'ual's drift, who fain would bring the Fleet
nearer, where dire assault of flame and sword
were ready made for wreaking mortal hate.
His thoughts he scatters better aid t' afford:
He seeks in Fancy's realm some cure discreet
some counterplot 'gainst evil plans preparèd;
in fine he fearèd all, for all he carèd.

As beam reflected by the burnisht bright 87
mirror of steel, or glass-plate chrystal-clear,
which sometime struck by ray of solar light
in other part re-strikes the dazzling glare;
and waved by wanton hand of curious Spright
about the house to sparkle here and there,
o'er walls and roofs the shimm'ering species plays,
nor rest its trem'ulous, fitful, quiv'ering rays.

So did his vaguing judgment fluctuate 88
when captive Gama's mem'ory brought to mind
Coelho, lest he peradventure wait
ashore with boats as by command design'd:
With message priv'ily sent he warned his mate
fast for the Fleet his homeward way to find,
lest he fall lightly in the bitter lace
he feared, the fierce fell work of Moorish race.

Such should be he who would, by grace of Mart, 89
follow th' illustrious and their fame outvie:
His nimble thought must fly to every part,
see through, and 'scape the danger ere 'tis nigh.
His soldier-instinct rare, and subtle art
must read, mark, learn his baffled enemy;
note all in fine; nor shall that Captain's lot
be praise of mine, who pleads *I thought it not!*

Insists the Malabar his guest remain 90
pris'oner, till orders bring th' Armada near;
he constant, fired with hot high disdain,
hears eve'ry menace with unfrighten'd ear;
rather shall he the weight on self sustain
which vilest malice born of hate and fear
machinates, than to shade of risk expose
his Liege's navy riding safe from foes.

That livelong night in durance vile he lies, 91
and of next day a part, when he ordains
once more to see the King: But leave denies
the Guard that not a few of men contains.
To tempt with other tricks the Géntoo tries,
fearing his Monarch pay him for his pains,
when shown the malice which must soon be known,
if there a longer time the stranger wone.

He bids him order ev'ery stuff be brought 92
straight shoreward, all he hath of vendible,
that they might duly barter'd be or bought;
for who nills commerce war is wont to will.
Though knows the Gama what felonious thought
and damnable desires that bosom fill,
yet he consenteth, for right well knows he
with these same stuffs he buys his liberty.

Concert they now the Blackmoor shall prepare 93
launches and lighters fit the wares to land;
to trust his boats our Captain did not care,
where fone might capture or might hold in hand.
Put forth th' almádies for the beach to bear
Hispanian stuffs, the best he mote command:
He writes his brother fearing all delay
to send the bales that shall his blackmail pay.

The merchandise now landed is ashore, 94
where by that greedy Catual 'tis tane:
Alvaro and Diego guard the store,
with leave to truck or vend as best they can.
That more than duty, than obedience more,
Gain rules th' ignoble breast of lawless man
well doth that Pagan to the worldling show;
for gained the goods he let the Gama go:

He lets him go, for in the goods he thought 95
to hold sufficient pledge and pawn that may
a better penny to his purse be brought,
than if for longer time our Chief he stay:
The Gama, certain that no more he ought
to land, and haply 'counter fresh delay,
and to his vessels being now restor'd,
resolves with tranquil mind to bide aboard.

Aboard the ships he bides with mind at ease 96
till seen what circumstance the days shall show;
for now his spirit no reliance sees
upon that bribèd Regent vile and low.
Here let the Casuist who riddle rees,
see how the wealthy as the wantful too,
are ruled by lucre and the noxious thirst
of gain that gars us dare and do the worst.

By Thracia's Sovran Polydore is slain, 97
only to have and hold his wealthy store;
the guarded edifice may not contain
Acrisius' daughter 'gainst the golden shower;
so raged Tarpeia's avarice insane
that she in truck for shining yellow ore,
the lofty towers to the foe betrayeth,
and stifled, crusht, the price of treason payeth.

This opes of warded Fort the valvarte-wall, 98
maketh the felon friend his faith forego:
This changeth noblest Thane to vilest Thrall
and yieldeth Captains to the luring foe:
This maketh purest maiden foully fall,
and know no fear, no reck of Honour trow:
This Art and Science shall at times deprave,
blind sanest judgment, consciences enslave:

This loves to gloss with subtler sense than meant 99
the Texts: This maketh Laws and Laws unmaketh:
This tainteth subjects with a traitor-taint:
This in the patriot King the tyrant waketh.
E'en he, self-vowèd to th' Omnipotent,
as proved by thousand instances, forsaketh
God's way by Gold's enchanting Siren woo'd;
yet haply showing still some tint of good.

CANTO IX.

ARGUMENT

OF THE NINTH CANTO.

Now, free'd from the snares and perils which threatened him, Vasco da Gaṃa quitteth Calecut, and returneth to the Kingdom (Portugal), with the glad tidings of having discovered Oriental India: Venus directeth his course to a delicious Island: Description of that same Island: Landing of the Navigators: Festive shows wherewith they are there received; the soldiers by the Nereids and Da Gama by Thetis (*sic*).

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Parte de Calecut o Lusitano,
Com as alegres novas do Oriente,
E no meio do tumido Oceano,
Venus lhe mostra huma Insula excellente:
Aqui de todo bem soffrido dano,
Acha repouso assaz conveniente,
E com Nymphas gentis o mais do dia
Em festas passa, e jogos de alegria.

Fareth from Calecut the Capitayne Bearing glad tidings of the Orient;	(1—16)
To whom, amiddle of the tumid Main, Venus displays an Island excellent:	(17—63)
Here from all nobly suffered loss and pain, Rest and Repose they find convenient,	(64—82)
And with the gentle Nymphs the livelong day They pass in wassail, and in Love's fair play	(83—95)

CANTO IX.

WITHIN the City long remainèd pent 1
nor found a purchaser our Factor-twain:
The wily Infidels by foil and feint
made every trader cease from trade and gain:
For all they purposèd, and hoped, and meant,
was there the stout Discov'erers to detain
of India, till arrive th' expected Fleet
of Mecan vessels and the foe defeat.

There, where the City crowns the Red Sea bight 2
founded by Egypt's royal Ptolemy,
and from his sister-spouse Arsin'oe hight,
to Suez changèd in our modern day;
the harbour lieth at a distance light
from far-famed Meca, raised to high degree
by the false superstition and profane,
the Holy Water of the Moorish men.[1]

[1] The well Zemzem.

Gidà the hythe is 'titled, where the trade 3
of all the Red Sea shore-lands flourisht most,
whereby was great and grateful gain convey'd
unto the Sóldan,[1] who possest the coast:
Hence to the Malabars, by contract made
with th' Infidel, tall ships, a potent host,
each year fares sailing over Indic seas
stocking their teeming holds with spiceries.

Upon these ships firm hopes the Moors had set, 4
e'en as their puissance was so much the higher,
that these who sought their gains so grateful great,
they might consume with crepitating fire:
For the good succour all confiding wait,
and from th' Explorers naught they now require,
save to retard their sailing in such sort,
that the famed Meca-fleet should make the port.

But He who rules the Heav'ens and human race, 5
who for whatever willèd hath His will,
the fittest causes from afar doth trace
which shall His provident effects fulfil;
pitiful accidents of ruth and grace
dealt to Monsaydé, who, with guarded skill,
devoted self Da Gama to advise,
and gain his rightful guerdon,—Paradise.

[1] Of Egypt.

He, whom the Moorish rout might not suspect, 6
being like them a Moor, but firmly thought
a villain member of the villain sect,
unveiled the frauds with foulest treason fraught:
The ships by distance from the shore protect,
in stealth with pious heart full oft he sought,
mourning the causeless evils that ordain
malignant hate and vengeance Sarracen.

He warns the wary Gama that th' Armade 7
due from Arabian Meca year by year,
is that whereon his fellows' hope is laid,
to be the deadly arm of certain snare:
"They sail with armed hosts amain," he said,
"and Vulcan's horrid thunderbolts they bear;
So may ye read'ily fall an easy prey
as you be poorly furnisht for the fray!"

And eke the Gama, now considering 8
the time had come for him to quit the Port,
and that no gladder tidings from the King
he could expect who doth the Moors support;
the Factors left ashore straight summoning,
he bade them haste aboard: And, lest report
of such a flitting might their flight impede,
he bids them privily their steps to speed.

But in the shortest space had Rumour flown 9
on res'onant wing, nor here as wont did lie,
that both the Factors were in prison thrown,
when found attempting from the town to fly.
Without delay the true report was known
to the shrewd Captain, who incont'inently
reprisals dealt on certain who had sought
the Fleet to traffick with the gems they brought.

Now those detained are merchants grave and old, 10
richards of Calecut in good repute;
and in their absence all their brethren hold
the ships withhold them and full true the bruit.
But in the Fleet our Mar'iners brave and bold
the capstans man, and each in several suit
is told to task; these haul the cables in,
those with hard breasts to shove the bars[1] begin.

Others to yard-arms hanging on let go 11
the sail that bellies with a bell'owing sound;
yet the King heareth louder sounds which show
that fast the Squadron fareth homeward-bound:
The wives and children, dight to die of woe
for their lost loved ones, crowd in tears around
the Samorim, and piteously complain
from these their fathers, mates from those are tane.

[1] *i.e.*, the capstan.

Forthwith the Lusian Factors he restoreth 12
with stuffs in fullest tale and all-tax free,
despite the rancorous Moor who all abhorreth,
so might the prison'd lieges renderèd be:
Pardon for his deceit the King imploreth.
The Captain greeteth, far more glad to see
Factors than phrases hear; sets loose some Blacks
and, making sail, adown the coast he tacks.

Down coast he tacketh, for he comprehendeth 13
that with the Géntoo King 'twere labour vain
to knit those peaceful bonds, which he intendeth
should strengthen commerce and her object gain:
But seeing how the glorious Realm that trendeth
Aurora-ward, must aye well-known remain,
with these glad news he seeks dear Fatherland,
sure tokens taking of what things he fand.

He taketh eke some Malabars aboard 14
parforce, the fellows by the Samorim sent
when were the Factor-pris'oners restor'd:
Of purchased stores he taketh hot piment:
Nor is of Banda the dried flow'er[1] ignor'd,
nutmeg and swarthy clove, which excellent
makes New Malucan Isle,[2] with cinnamon
the wealth, the boast, the beauty of Ceylon.

[1] Mace. [2] The Moluccas.

All this was gathered by the deft design 15
of true Monsaydé, borne aboard the Fleet:
who thus of Angel-influences digne
is register'd in CHRIST His roll-call writ:
Blest African! whom clemency divine
in prison-gloom with Gospel-light hath lit,
who thus couldst find, from country forced to roam,
the way to mortal man's true heav'enly home!

Then turning from that coast of torrid heat 16
the vent'urous Prores their southing courses bend,
where Nature pleased to place her farthest mete,
the Good Hope Cape, where Austrine shorelands end;
bearing the joyful news, and hopes to greet
their Lisbon homes from Morning-land they wend,
again resigned to snares of terror spread
by seas uncertain, glad, withal in dread:

The joy one's own dear Land once more to view, 17
sweet home and kith and kin to sight again,
with whom old voyage-feats we face anew,
and tell of climates strange and stranger men;
to taste the honey'd draught of praises due
by long mischances, toil, and ill and pain,
each hath of pleasure such a perfect store,
the shallow vessel of man's heart brims o'er.

Natheless the Cyprian goddess, who ordainèd 18
had been her Lusitanian sons to guard;
and by the Sire Eterne had been constrainèd,
through rolling years to lend them watch and ward;
the Glory gallant toils and travails gainèd
the weals that nobly suffered ills reward,
for them ordaining was, who did intend
all their sea-sorrows in sea-joys should end.

In thought revolving for a season brief 19
how they had faced the might'iest Sea that flows;
and thinking how the God sore gall and grief
worked, who in Amphionean Thebæ rose;
she had already planned right glad relief
a prize outweighing all their passing woes,
to find them rare delight and gentle rest
deep in the liquid chrystal's tranquil breast:

Something, in fine, of that repose so sweet, 20
refocillating bodies weary-wan,
for these her wanderers, and pay interest meet
of toil, that short'eneth life of short-lived Man.
Then to secure the ear it seemèd fit
of her Son-god, whose might of Gram'arye can
degrade the high Divine to low terrene,
and raise our human clay to Heav'en serene.

And, duly pond'ering, all her thoughts incline 21
there to bespread upon their wat'ery way,
'mid waves of Ocean-stream, some Isle divine
with bloom enamel'd and with green'ery gay;
for she hath many, where her realms confine
with the First Mother[1] girt by 'bosoming bay,
besides those Gardens of the Midland Seas,
within the portals oped by Hercules.

There 'tis her will, the watery Damosels 22
await the coming of her hero-train,
the Nymphs who worth'ily bear the name of belles.
for eyne a pleasure and for hearts a pain;
with choirs and dances, and by potent spells
bring secret hoards of Love their love to gain,
that all should labour with the best of will
the Youths they love with lover-joys to thrill.

Erst so she schemèd for the son she bare 23
to her Anchises, that he welcome found
in the fair country, where by subtle snare
a single ox-hide spanned the spacious ground:
She seeks his aidance whom she may not spare,
fierce Cupid, in whose force her force is bound;
that e'en as in her olden enterprize
he aided, aid he now to pluck the prize.

[1] Asia.

Yoked to her chariot are the Birds whose song 24
doth exequies of Death in Life's own tide,
and they whose figure took in syne gone long,
Peristera[1] who pluckt the daisies pied.
Behind the hasting Goddess troop the throng,
all through the lift with billing kisses glide:
Where'er on windy wings the Goddess flies
with gracious movement she serenes the skies.

Now o'er th' Idalian mounts her car impendeth, 25
where for her coming waits her Archer-son,
who mustering potent host with it intendeth
to fare on famous expedition,
and rebel worlds debel till he amendeth
those direful errors long by mortals done,
who love goods given by the Gods above
for man to use and not for man to love.

He saw Actæon, hunter so austere, 26
so blindly bent on snatching brutal prize,
that to pursue some ugly beast and fere,
far from the human form divine he flies:
The Boy for vengeance sweet as 'tis severe
charms with chaste Dian's shape his hungry eyes;
then let the for'ester take him careful heed
lest his loved Hounds upon their Hunter feed.

[1] The Dove-nymph.

He sees the wide world o'er how evry Lord, 27
for public welfare naught doth reck nor feel;
he sees that none the boon of love afford,
save where Philautia[1] counsels selfish weal:
He sees how men who sit at royal board
for words of wisdom aye prefer to deal
in sale of flatt'eries vile, which ne'er permit
the tares be weeded from the fair young wheat.

He sees that men, to poverty who owe 28
duty of Holy Love and Charity,
live only pow'er to gain and wealth to show,
pretending Justice and Integrity:
Of ugly Tyr'anny breeding asp'erous woe
they coin a right with vain severity:
Laws they devise in favour of the King;
Laws which the lieges favour down they fling,

He sees, in fine, none love as all should love, 29
save that which dealeth only ill delight:
Nor for a longer time doth it behove
to waive a punishment as dire as right.
He bids his summoned Ministers to move
armaments, fitted for that mortal fight
he lists engage with yon misgovern'd crowd,
that hath till now allegiance disavow'd.

[1] Φιλαυτία, egoism opposed to altruism.

Of these small wingèd Impes a band is set 30
to varied labours in their several crafts;
these on the grindstone piercing piles to whet,
and those to shave and thin the caney shafts:
Soothes ev'ery labour love-sweet canzonet,
wedding strange chances to the song that wafts
sonorous melodies and roundels gay;
suave is the song, angelical the lay.

Th' immortal Furnaces wherein they forgèd 31
for their swift arrows points that penetrate,
with fiery Hearts by way of fu'el are gorgèd,
and Vitals vital still that palpitate:
The temp'ering waves wherein the tips were mergèd,
are lovers' Tears in love unfortunate:
The live bright light and never-failing fire
is ever burning ne'er outburnt Desire.

Some hied their dext'erous hands to exercise 32
on the rude Vulgus' hard unfeeling hearts:
Re-echo'd through the welkin frequent sighs
of victims smitten by the shaft that smarts:
Fair be the Nymphs who deal the remedies
dear to the hurts they deal, and such their arts,
the sorely hurt not only they revive,
but boon of life to life unborn they give.

Beauteous the many, while the few are plain, 33
consonant with the qual'ity of the wound;
for to heal venom spread through ev'ery vein
the bitter'est Theriacks oft the best are found.
Many are doomèd aye to wear the chain
by subtle bond of weirdest witch'ery bound:
thus haps it mostly, when the darts acerb
are armed and tinctured with the poyson-herb.

And from such wilful shots discharged sans aim, 34
wherewith those awkward Impes aye joy to play,
arise a thousand loves that mar and maim
the victims wounded in such wretched way:
E'en of the Heroes boasting highest fame
a thousand impious loves the sight dismay;
Such was May Byblis, such the Cinyræan:[1]
This Youth Assyrian born, and that Judæan.[2]

Ye too, my Lordlings! oft have seen the hour 35
when love of Shepherd-lass your souls hath smit;
and ye, my Ladies! oft the couthless boor
hath meshed your Ladyships in Vulcan-net.
These waiting nocturns to the tryst fain scour,
those scale the casements and o'er pantiles flit:
Yet hold I mainly that such loves indign
are more the Mother's than the Son's design.

[1] Myrrha. [2] Ninus and Amnon.

Now the light char'iot on the green depose 36
the pure white Cygnets, slowly softly wending;
and Dionæa, who conjoinèd shows
roses in waste of snows, is seen descending.
Her Bowyer-son who dareth Heav'en oppose,
to greet her hasteth with douce smile unbending;
while of the little Cupid lads a band
crowdeth to kiss the Queen of Beauty's hand.

She, to save precious time from vanities, 37
whispers the Boy embosom'd in her arms
confident thus :—" Dear Son whose hand supplies
the firmest footing of my chiefest charms;
Son ! on whose pow'ers my power aye relies;
thou, holding cheap Typhœus' dread alarms,
her force by thine t' enforce, an urgent case
bringeth thy mother to bespeak thy grace."

" The Lusitanick toils well hast thou ken'd, 38
whom I for ages watch with tenderest guise,
Since sware the Parcæ unto me, their friend,
they shall adore my name, my favour prize;
and, as their feats of armèd prowess shend
all feats of rival Rome, I lief devise
some mode of aidance in what things I may,
far as our force o'er man extendeth sway.

"And, seen how hateful Bacchus hath beguile'd, 39
with mortal plots, their course on Indic plain,
and how by wavy Ocean's injuries foil'd
rather than tirèd they were lost or slain:
I will that in this sea to them so wild,
'mid ever restless waves their rest be tane:
Here shall they gather guerdon sweet and glorious
of toils that make the names of men memorious.

"Wherefore I pray thee, Son! forthwith go fire 40
the Nereus-maidens on their deep-sea ground;
burn they with Lusian love, bring warm desire
to these Explorers of a world new found,
all in an Islet joined in glorious choir,
an Isle unknown in Ocean-depths profound
embowel'd, I will haste on high to raise
where lovely Flora with her Zephyr plays:

"There with a thousand sherbets, odorous wine, 41
delicious viands, perfumed breath of roses,
in sing'ular scenes of palace chrystalline,
fair couches, fairer what on couch reposes;
with thousand joys unvulgar shall, in fine,
each Nymph await the Brave her fancy chooses
and all love-smitten, longing to bestow
what Hope can figure, or what eyes can show.

"'Tis my good will that in the Neptune-reign, 42
my place of birth, a fair brave race be born,
which a shrewd proof shall be to worlds malign,
and to the rebels who thine empire scorn;
that nought shall save, ne mure adamantine
ne triste Hypocrisy, these men forsworn:
Ne'er shall these earth-things hope their selves to save
when burn immortal Love-fires 'neath the wave."

Thus willeth Venus and her wilful Boy 43
obeys, and flies to see her will be done;
he bids them bring his bow of ivory,
with golden-headed arrows many a one:
The Cyprian with glad gest of wanton joy
within her chariot receives her son;
and slacks the bridles for the Birds whose song
the Phaëtonian death wailed loud and long.

But Cupid warneth that still wants their scheme 44
a famous Go-between of high degree
who, though a thousand times she baulked his aim,
a thousand times firm friend prefer'd to be.
Gigantia was the Goddess, daring dame,
vain-glorious, boastful, false and true was she
who sees with hundred eyne, flies every where
and that she sees a thousand tongues declare.

They wend to seek and send her on in state, 45
to blow her trumpet of the clearest strain;
and so the wandering Braves to celebrate,
as never mortals could such praises gain:
Now Fame, with murm'uring sounds that penetrate,
flies through the deepest grottos of the Main:
and scatt'ereth Truth believèd true to be;
for Famė's own gossip is Credulity.

These goodly lauds, and rumours excellent 46
the hearts of God and Goddess, whilom firèd
by Bacchus and to harm the Heroes bent,
changed and with something likest love inspirèd.
The fem'inine bosom, ever diligent
in shifting will, of settled will soon tirèd,
now crieth cru'elty, shame and over zeal
for such high valour evil will to feel.

Meanwhile the lither Lad had loosed his bow 47
shaft urging shaft; loud groans from Ocean rise:
They pierce point-blank the waves that restless flow
these straight, those whirling in a spiral guise:
The fair Nymphs fall and breathe the secret throe,
the 'bosomed burthen of their burning sighs;
each falls ere seen the face that makes her die,
for oft the ear hath loved before the eye.

48

Now of his iv'ory Lune the cusps drew near,
with might and main th' indomitable Boy,
who fired at Tethys more than any fair,
for-that was she to love the coyest coy.
Now of its arrows is the quiver bare,
nor lives in sea-plain Nymph her life to 'joy;
and, if the wounded breathe a living breath
'tis but to savour that they strive with Death.

49

Give way, ye tall cerulean waves, give way!
for look ye, Venus brings her medicine,
showing the snow-white belly'ing sails that stray
o'er swelling crests of billows Neptunine:
That thou reciprocal response convey,
Oh ardent Love! to longings feminine,
an honest modesty must ne'er withstand
whatever Venus deigneth to command.

50

Now the fair Nereid-choir itself enrol'd;
and side by side the gentle bevy sped
with tripping dances, usance known of old,
straight for that Island whither Venus led:
And there the Goddess 'gan to all unfold
her thousand feats of loving hardihed:
They, to be victims of sweet Love preparèd,
each trick would try and dare whate'er she darèd.

Cutting the broad highway the vessels ride 51
o'er ample Ocean seeking Home's dear shore,
wishing but cool sweet water to provide
for their long voyage briny waters o'er:
When all attonce with start of joy descried
Love's Isle rise lovely stretched their eyes before,
as bursting radiant through the morning air
rose Memnon's Mother delicately fair.

The bien and bonny Isle afar they hail, 52
by Venus wafted through the wavy flood,
(e'en as the Zephyrs waft the snow-white sail)
whither the sturdy Fleet fast sailing stood;
and lest unheeding pass the crews, and fail
there to take harbour as she willed they should,
right on their courses threw her lovely bower
that Acidalian of omnip'otent power.

Firm and immobile she disposed it where 53
she saw the seamen seek and shape their way;
so fixt stood Delos when Latona bare
Phœbus and her who joys in forestry.
Thither the hurrying Prores thro' Ocean tare
where bends the seaboard in a little bay
quiet and curved, upon whose snow-white sand
her rosy shells strewed Cytherēa's hand.

Three fairy hillocks threefold headlets showèd 54
swelling superbly gracious to the sight,
whose greeny clothing grass-enamel'd glowèd,
in that fair joyous Island of Delight:
While glassy-clear three limpid fountains flowèd
from peaks with gleaming verdure deckt and dight;
and from the milk-white rocks derivèd flow
fugitive wavelets, prattling as they go.

Down a sweet dale that dints the hillocks, glide 55
the sparkling waters to their trysting-place,
and make a table of so fair a tide;
never could Fancy such a landskip trace:
O'erhang it graceful groves on ev'ry side
like one who bendeth pranking form and face,
and in the chrystal mirror joys to view
his proper semblance and resemblance true.

Skywards a thousand trees rise tall and straight, 56
apple'd with od'orous fruitage passing rare:
Here th' Orange painteth on her dainty freight
the hues that burnt in Daphné's burnisht hair:
Droops low crusht earthwards by her juicy weight,
The Citron glowing with her saffron gear:
Lemons with scented spherelets deckt and drest
mock budding honours of the maiden's breast.

The forest-growths that clothe the hillocks trine 57
with frondent ringlets fronts and heads array;
Alcides' Poplars with the Laurels twine
loved by the laurel'd fair-faxt Lord of Day:
and Cytheræa's Myrtles with the Pine
of Cybelé, to strange amour a prey:
The spiring Cypress pointeth to the skies,
where man hath built his air-based Paradise.

Pomona's choicest gifts spontaneous grow, 58
and all in diff'erent taste and gust abound;
no want of cult'uring hand these arbours know,
withouten culture better fares the ground:
Cherries with Tyrian tincture purpled glow;
and Morus eke that mimicks Amor's sound;
while from her patrial Persia-land the Pome[1]
flourisheth fairer in her foreign home.

Gapes the Granado tints incarnadine 59
whereby, O Ruby! shent is all thy sheen;
'braced by her husband-Elm the happy Vine
beareth her berrièd birth, here red, there green.
And ye, O Pears! if long your boughs design
with luscious pyramids to deck the scene,
busk ye to 'dure what hurt and harm may wreak
to your soft flanks the Bird's injurious beak.

[1] The peach (*Malus persica*).

The gorgeous tapestry, rare colours blending 60
and robing rustick earth with rainbow dye,
makes Achæmenia's[1] webs the less resplending,
yet softer shades on sombre vales to lie.
Here the Cephisian flow'er[2] his head low bending
eyeth the lakelet lucid as the sky:
There Cinyras' grandson-son[3] still bleeds in bloom,
and, Paphian goddess! still thou wail'st his doom.

'Twere hard, in sooth, to judge which case be true, 61
where sim'ilar splendours mantle earth and air,
if fair Aurora lend the flow'ers her hue,
or if the flowers lend her hues so fair.
There Zephyr aided Flora to bestrew
Vi'olet with colours Love-wan lovers wear;
with Iris red and freshest blooth of Rose,
which on the Damsel's cheek all beauteous glows:

The snow-white Lily with the rory tear 62
of Dawntide dripping, and the Mangerona:[4]
Letters on hyacinthine leaves appear,
Hyacinth loved by son of lone Latona:
Each fruit and flow'ering Daisy shows full clear,
that fain would Chloris rival with Pomona.
Then, if the Birds disport on airy wing
Earth has a joyaunce for each four-foot thing.

[1] Persia, famed for tapestry.
[2] Narcissus.
[3] Anemone (Adonis' blood).
[4] Marjoram.

Along the streamlet sings the snowy Swan, 63
percht on her spraylet answereth Philomel:
Startled Actæon stands no more to scan
his horny forehead where the waters well;
Here the fast lev'ret flies the hunter-man
from densest thicket, or the shy gazelle:
There hurrying homewards to her darling brood
the light-wing'd Birdie bears the grateful food.

'Mid such a freshness swift-foot sprang aground 64
our second Argonauts, far-left the Fleet,
where in the wood-depths willing to be found
strolled the fair Nymphs as though no fear they weet;
These waked the Zitter's soft pathetic sound,
those made the Harp and Flute sing song as sweet;
and bearing golden bows appeared a few
the prey pursuing they did not pursue.

Thus taught their Tut'oress in such teaching wise, 65
to scatter careless o'er the hill and plain;
so might the Barons see'ing a doubtful prize,
first burn with hot desire the prize to gain.
Some maids whose nat'ural charms the veil despise,
in pride of soveran Beauty justly vain,
casting all Art's adulteries aside,
bathe their pure bodies in the pearly tide.

But the stout seamen when their feet were set 66
ashore, all hastenèd to greet the strand ;
nor was there any who his ship had quit
sans hopes of finding game upon the land :
None think such game that needs ne springe ne net
on those fair hillocks thus would come to hand ;—
so bien, so bonny, so benign a prey
by Venus cast love-wounded in their way.

Some with the spingàrd armed and arbalest, 67
hoping to slay the horny hart or hind,
in sombre bosques and valleys hotly prest,
determined Vert and Venerie to find :
Others in shadows that high noon arrest
from scorching verdant turf, to walk incline'd
along the gentle riv'ulet's grassy reach,
o'er the white pebbles purling to the beach.

Begin with sudden start the Youths to 'spy 68
variegate colours glance through greeny boughs ;
colours that catch the judgment of man's eye
as not of nat'ural bloom, ne flow'er, ne rose ;
but fleecy laine and silk of diff'erent dye,
Dress, that with double force Desire endows,
wherein the human Rose herself enshrines,
and, Art enhancing Nature, brighter shines.

Loud cries Velloso, marv'elling at the sight: 69
"My masters! wondrous game," quoth he, "is this;
if yet endure that olden Pagan rite,
the Grove be sacred to the Goddesses:
Here meet we more than what the human Sprite
ever desirèd; and right well we wis
excellent wonders and great things here lie
by Nature veiled from Man's imprudent eye.

"Follow we fast these Goddesses, and speer 70
an they be Fantasm or divine indeed!"
Thus he; and, fleeter than the fleet-foot deer,
all follow coursing o'er the riv'erine mead.
Between the branches flying Nymphs appear,
haply with more of hurry than of speed;
and, slack'ening pace with shrieks and laughter gay,
each yields her graces as her greyhound's prey.

From this the breezes golden tresses blow, 71
from that the robe's frail hem is reft aside:
High burns Desire, enkindled by the snow
of living loveliness so sudden 'spied.
One falls apurpose, and her fall doth show
by loving languor more than plaint or pride,
she wills her foll'ower stumble, falling o'er
the lovely quarry on the pebbly shore.

Others seek other places where the stream 72
reveals of bathing Nymphs the secret charms :
who startled 'gin to fly with shriek and scream,
as though surprized by rude assault of arms.
While others feigning to feel less esteem
for fear and shame than force, veil false alarms,
plunge in the brake and give to greedy eyes
denied to grasping hands the goodly prize.

That, who in hurry to resume contrives 73
the modesty that marks the Hunter-maid
hides in the wave her limbs ; another strives
to snatch the garment on the stream-bank laid.
Youngling there is who in the river dives
all clad and booted (lest too long delay'd
by doffing garments he should miss the game),
to quench in water Love's consuming flame.

As Hound of Hunter, crafty beast and ware, 74
taught cripples to retrieve from brook or tarn,
seeing the steely tube upraised in air ;
cov'ering the well-known quarry, duck or hern ;
ere heard the crack, uneath the sight to bear
he plungeth, certain praise and prize to earn,
and swimmeth barking : Thus the Brave made free
to seize the Fair,—no Phœbus' sister she !

Le'onard, a soldier whom good gifts adorn, 75
a knightly Belamour and delicate,
who was not once the prey of Cupid's scorn,
but ever dree'd Love's life-long spite and hate;
he, who so long believed he was not born
to Love-luck being e'er unfortunate,
not that he held all Hope beyond his range
when Destiny shall deign his doom to change:

Here willed his Fortune, he should wing his way 76
chasing the fairest Daughter of the Wave,
Ephýre, lief to make him dearly pay
that which for giving Nature to her gave.
Spent by the race he stayed his steps to say:—
"O thou too beauteous cruelty to crave,
when of my life the palm to thee is dight,
ah! wait this body since thou hast its sprite!"

"All rest of running weary, Nymph divine! 77
Each yields her wishes to her en'emy's will;
Why to the wood alone fly only mine?
Who told thee I am I, who chase thee still?
If told thee so mine angry doom malign,
which allwheres dogs me always to mine ill,
believe it not, e'en I when I believèd,
each hour a thousand times my heart deceivèd.

" Tire not thyself, to tire me; for if I 78
must chase those flying charms and chase in vain,
such is my Fortune an thou wait and try
her will perverse shall never gar me gain.
Wait! if thou will I would again descry,
what subtle mode of 'scape for thee remain,
and thou in fine shalt note, and fain confess so,
Tra la spiga e la man qual muro è messo.[1]

" Ah, fly me not! E'en so may Time foot-fleet 79
ne'er from thy youthful beauties urge his flight!
For only stay the twinkling of thy feet
and thou shalt vanquish Fortune's dure despight.
What Emp'eror, nay what mighty Host dare meet
the force array'd by Chance's furious might,
which in whate'er I wished still hounds my way,
this canst thou do, thou only, an thou stay?

" Wouldst in my roll of foes thyself enrol? 80
To back the stronger is not bravely done!
Wouldst steal my lib'eral heart that was so whole?
Loose it me then, the faster thou shalt run!
Burthens thee not this Soul, my mesquin Soul,
which in those threads of glancing gold bespun,
tangled thou bearest? or thus won the prize,
hast lightened Fortune which so heavy lies?

[1] And thou shalt notice at the end of all
twixt ear and sickle how uprears the wall.—PETRARCH.

"In this sole Esp'erance thee, my Fair, I chase; 81
that or thou weary her sad load to bear;
or haply shall thy Beauty's magick grace
have power to change her sour malignant Star:
And if thus change she, cease this useless race,
for Love shall smite thee, gentle Ladye fair:
And thou shalt wait when Love shall smite thee sore;
and if thou wait what wait I, want I more?"

No longer fled the lovely Nymph, to play 82
her sad pursuer's heart, her pow'er to try;
as still to revel in the lovely lay
which told the soldier's loving agony:
Bending her brow that beamed a holy ray,
all bathed with sweetest smiles of gentle joy,
she falls a victim at the victor's feet,
melted with purest love by dear defeat.

Ah me! what hungry kissings wake the wood! 83
What choirs in suavest unison acclaim!
What pretty pettings! What coy pettish mood
which pleasant laughter presently became!
What Morn and Noontide saw and understood,
as Venus joyed her lovers' joys to 'flame,
were better far t' experience not to judge,
yet judge it he whose Fate such boon shall grudge.

This way in fine conform the fair and bright 84
Nymphs, and each Bride with love her Groom endowers,
all heads are crowned with chaplets of delight,
of bays and gold and amaranthine flowers:
Their soft white palms they prest in wedded plight:
With formal phrase and stipulating powers
that pledge for endless time their mutual Faith,
honour and joyaunce, till life end in Death.

One, chiefest She, whose mandate proudly led 85
the Nymphs, obedient vassals of her throne,
Cœlus and Vesta's progeny 'twas said,
as by her queenly bearing might be known;
who over Earth and Ocean glamour shed,
the noble Captain, digne such boon to own,
with honest princely pomp comes forth to greet
as for such great egregious Ladye meet:

And, told the station and the name of her, 86
in high exordium with high grace ornate,
her cause of coming 'gan to him prefer,
by the high influ'ence of immobile Fate;
and ope before his eyne the gen'eral sphere
of vasty regions, seas unnavigate,
the secret knowledge couched in prophecy,
which he and his alone deserved to see:

Taking his hand in hers she guides her guest 87
straight to a tow'ering head of Hill divine,
whereof a splendid Pleasaunce is the crest,
plated with purest gold and chrystal shine.
Therein the greater part of day they rest
where loving play and lasting pleasures reign:
The Queen enjoys her loves in palace-bowers,
the Nymphs in sylvan shades amid the flowers.

Thus Fair and Brave in fittest union meet, 88
while minute by the merry hours of light;
and taste the genial gladness rare as sweet
which their long labours and dark days turn bright:
Man's high heroick deed, and daring feat
of famous force, the World shall aye requite
with guerdon merited, and boon sublime,—
a Name and Fame that stand the test of Time.

For, all our Ocean-maids so fair, so sprightful, 89
Tethys, and eke her Isle of angel-ground,
None other thing be they, but the delightful
Honours that make our human life renown'd:
That high pre-em'inence and that glory rightful
are but the Triumphs, and the brows becrown'd
with Palms and Bay-wreaths, wond'ering gaze and praise:
Such the delights my fabled Isle displays;

These Immortalities,—in young world feignèd 90
by men who cherisht toils of noble aim,
there on Olympus' star-lit heights, attainèd
on inclyt wings that soar to deathless Fame,
whose Deeds of Derring-do the guerdon gainèd,
by dint of endless toil and moil we name
the Path of Virtue, stony, steep t' ascend,
but joyous-glad, delicious-sweet at end :

Were nought but prizes brother-men impart 91
in change for Feats immortal, sovereign,
to that baronial Host, whose Arm and Art
made to be Gods that had been only men :
Jupiter, Phœbus, Mercury, and Mart,
Æneas, Rom'ulus, and the Theban twain,
Ceres, Diana, Juno, Pallas, were
but human flesh to human weakness heir.

Yet Fame, that trumpet of Man's high emprize, 92
on Earth bestowed them names of strange estate,
Godheads, and deathless Semi-deities,
Indigetes and Heroes, "Grand" and "Great."
Wherefore, oh, ye ! who Fame's fair guerdon prize,
if in the World with these ye lief would mate,
awake from Slumber, shake off Sloth ignave
that sinks Man's freeborn soul to soul of slave.

And bridle Av'arice-sin with iron bit, 93
rein that Ambition which o'er-reigns your race
in thousand fashions, and the base conceit
of vicious Tyr'anny breeding vile disgrace:
Such tinkling honours, gold so counterfeit,
to true and honest worth ne'er raised the base:
Better to merit and the meed to miss,
than, lacking merit, every meed possess.

Or give us Peace, and Laws impartial deal, 94
that baulk the rich from plund'ering poorer men;
or cloak your forms in coats of flashing steel,
and crush the law of hostile Saracen:
Thus shall your valour raise the Commonweal
all gaining ampler, none a smaller gain;
deservèd rights shall to you be rife
with Honours, alt-relief of human life.

Thus shall ye serve the King ye love so dear 95
now with your proffer'd counsels sagely bold
then by the Sword, that shall your names uprear
to dizzy heights where trod your sires of old:
To 'tempt impossibilities forbear;
who wills aye finds a way; and thus enrol'd,
your names shall rival this heroick band,
and gain fair greeting in Dame Venus' land.

CANTO X.

ARGUMENT

OF THE TENTH CANTO.

TETHYS inviteth the Navigators: The Siren's prophetick Song, wherein she toucheth upon the principal achievements and conquests of the Portugueze Viceroys, the Governors, and the Captains in India until the days of D. Joam de Castro: Tethys with Da Gama ascendeth a Mount, whence she showeth him the Spheres, terrestrial and celestial: Description of the Globe, especially of Asia and Africa: The Navigators quit the Island; and, pursuing their Voyage, happily reach Lisbon.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT.

Ás mesas de vivificos manjares,
Com as Nymphas os Lusos valerosos,
Ouvem de seus vindouros singulares
Façanhas, em accentos numerosos:
Mostra-lhes Tethys tudo quanto os mares,
E quanto os ceos rodeam luminosos,
A pegueno volume reduzido,
E torna a frota ao Tejo tão querido.

At tables spread with life-restoring food,
'Companied by their Nymphs, the Lusians bold
Hear of their Future singular and good, (1—74)
And daring deeds in number'd verses told:
Tethys displays them all that Ocean-flood (75—143)
Girdeth, and circleth Heaven's luminous fold,
Dwarfed to a scanty volume; when the Fleet (144—end)
Homewards her well-loved Tagus flies to greet.

CANTO X.

Now had the glowing Amourist, who won 1
fair faithless Larissæa's love, incline'd
his steeds where lies, girt by the great Lagoon[1]
Temistitam, the western world behind:
Favonius' breath the brenning of the Sun
cooleth, and o'er the nat'ural tanks his wind
crisps the sea-mirror, and awakes the Lily
slumb'ering with Jasmin through the noontide stilly:

When the fair Nymphs, who each her lover led, 2
hand linkt in hand, conforming and content,
trooped where the radiant Pleasaunce reared its head
all gay with gold and metals lucident;
when bade the Queen that tables there be spread
with varied viands chosen, excellent
for loved and loving vigour to restore,
the pow'ers which Love from weary nature bore.

[1] The Pacific, west of "Temistitam" (Tenochtitlan, Mexico).

There on the radiant thrones, rich, chrystalline, 3
sit the blithe couples, cavalier and dame;
while on the golden daïs in state recline
the lovely Goddess, Gama loved by Fame:
Delicious dainties, delicate, divine,
that ántique Egypt's lux'ury sink to shame,
heap the huge chargers of the tawny gold
from far Atlantis-treas'ury hither roll'd.

The wines of fragrant scent not sole excel 4
Falernus' vintage, proud Italia's boast,
but e'en th' Ambrosia Jove esteems so well
and eke esteems his sempiternal Host;
in cups where steely file may not prevail,
they spume crisp foam that glads man's innermost
bosom, and warms his heart with sudden glow;
and with ice-water temper'd, leap and flow.

Told were a thousand tales of joy and mirth; 5
sweet smiles met subtle sayings warm with wit
which to this courses and that gave double worth,
and sharpened edge to blunted appetite:
Nor of the Harp harmonious was there dearth,
(which in profoundest Pit the naked Sprite
awhile can respite from eternal pain),
sweeten'd by Siren-voice of Angel-strain.

Thus sang that Nymph, the fairest of her kind,— 6
her descant ech'oing down the halls sublime,—
with consonance of instrument combine'd
and all conforming to one tone and time:
A sudden silence husheth every Wind,
and makes the Wavelet plash with softer chime,
while salvage animals in nat'ural lair
to slumber charmed, a dreamy musick hear.

Her voice of silver raiseth to the skies 7
the coming race of Barons high renown'd,
whose prototypes were shown to Proteus' eyes
within the hollow Sphere's diaph'anous round;[1]
Jove's goodly present and the choicest prize
giv'en him in vision. To the Realm profound
the tale prophetick told he, and the Maid
in Mem'ory's depths the glorious hist'ory laid.

Subject of buskin 'tis, and not for sock, 8
what in that vasty Lake the Nymph made known,
things from Iópas hid and Demodoque;
Phœacian this, and that of Carthage-town.
Thee, my Calliope! I now invoke
in this mine éxtreme labour, thou alone
canst for my writing to my sprite restore
the gust of writing, which I 'joy no more.

[1] The Magic Mirror (Canto VIII. 45).

My years glide downwards, and my Summer's pride 9
mergeth in Autumn, passing, ah! how soon;
Fortune my Genius chills, and loves to chide
my Poet-soul no more my boast and boon:
Hopes long deferrèd bear me to the tide
of black Oblivion, and eternal Swoon:
But deign to grant me thou, the Muses' Queen,
to praise my People with my proper strain!

Sang the fair Goddess how the wide Seas o'er 10
from Tagus bank, whence Gama cut his path,
shall sail strong Navies, conq'uering ev'ry shore
where Indic Ocean sucks his mighty breath:
How all the Kings, who Géntoo gods adore,
and dare our yoke reject shall rue the wrath
of hard and hardy Arms, with steel and lowe,
till low to Gama or to Death they bow:[1]

Of one she chaunted that in Malabar[2] 11
held of the Priesthood highest dignity,
who, lest be loosen'd with the singular
Barons the knot of love and amity,
shall see his towns, his cities in the war
with fire and sword, and wrath and cruelty
undone, which potent Samorim shall wage:
Against the stranger such shall be his rage.

[1] Da Gama's second voyage.
[2] Trimumpára, Rajah of Cochin.

And eke she singeth how shall join the Fleet 12
in Belém moor'd, to 'bate this deadly bane,
when of his burthen nought could Ocean weet,
our great Pacheco,[1] 'Achilles Lusitan:
Lo! as he ent'ereth all his weight shall greet
the curvèd timber and the fervid Main,
as in the waters every keel that groaneth
sits deeper swimming than its nature owneth.

But hardly landed on those Orient ends, 13
and, leaving with the royal Unbeliever
of Cochim-realm, some native troops where bends
its salty branches Cochim's snakey river;
the Nayrs' infernal bands he breaks and rends,
in the Pass Cambalam,[2] whereat shall shiver
with freezing fear the Orient's fiery glow,
seeing so few so many men o'erthrow.

The Samorim shall summon fresh allies; 14
Kings hurry'ing come from Bipur and Tanor,[3]
and where Narsinga's serrièd crests arise
vowing high valour to their Grand Seignior:
Lo! at his bidding every Nayr-man hies,
that dwells 'twixt Calecut and Cananor,
two hostile peoples linkt at War's demand,
by sea the Moormen come, Géntoos by land.

[1] "Conqueror of the Indies."
[2] At the mouth of the Cochin Backwater.
[3] Rajahship south of Cochin.

Again shall scatter all their strong array 15
Pacheco grandly bold on shore and Main ;
the mighty Meiny he shall crush and slay,
and be the Marvel of the Mal'abar plain :
Again shall dare the Pagan sans delay
to offer battle for his bitter bane ;
taunting his Host and off'ering vainest vows
his deaf, and dumb, and heedless Gods to 'rouse.

No more the Passes only now defending, 16
he shall with fire consume thorpe, fane and town :
The Hound, waxt wood to see with toil unending
his fencéd Cities on the plain bestrown,
shall drive his soldiers, life so freely spending,
against Pacheco, who with wings hath flown
for double movement : But at single bout
hither and thither all he puts to rout.

Shall come in person Sam'orim fight to dare, 17
to cheer his forces and fresh force enjoin ;
but soon a bullet singing through the air
shall stain him red in lofty palanquin.
Naught now availeth him, ne wile ne snare
ne force Pacheco deemeth like to win ;
he shall vain venoms deal, deal treasons base
which aye gain less of gain by God's good grace.

"He[1] shall a seventh time," she sang, "aspire 18
the brave beleaguer'd Lusian to assail,
whom toil and travail lack the strength to tire;
but save confusion nothing shall avail:
Then shall he bring to battle dread and dire
machines of timber, unknown, terrible,
to sink the Carvels by the board assailèd,
when force and fraud both tried alike have failèd.

"On water-plain upheaping fiery hill 19
he now shall 'tempt the Lusian Fleet to 'flame:
But soldier-science and the war-man's will
the strength shall weaken wherewithal he came.
Ne'er hath a Baron famed for martial skill,
that starward soarèd on the wings of Fame,
rivallèd this, who Palms from all hath won:—
Illustrious Greece, or Rome, my words condone!

"For, such fierce battles in such manner gainèd 20
by a poor hundred or few more, such fight,
such feints, such strength, such stratagems sustainèd,
so many hounds not heartless hurled to flight;
such feats, I say, must seem as Fables feignèd,
or that the Hosts of Heav'en invoked, alight
earthward to aid him, shall to him impart
daring and doing, heart and warrior art.

[1] The Samorim.

" Nor he who in the chámpaign Marathonian, 21
Darius' mighty powers piecemeal rendeth;
nor with four thousand men Lacedæmonian
he who the Pass Thermopylæ defendeth;
nor youthful Cocles of the strain Ausonian,
who with the whole Etrurian host contendeth
the Bridge to hold, nor Quintus Fabius e'er
like this in war showed strength and savoir-faire."

But here the Nymph's triumphant measure dies, 22
shifting to sadden'd murmur low and slow,
she sings 'mid tears and ill-suppressèd sighs
the mighty Gestes that did no grat'itude know.
"Oh, Belisarius! thou who aye shalt rise
in ninefold Choir, and ever nobler grow,
if Mars dishonour'd didst behold in thee
one to console thee here thy Shade shall see!

" Thou hast a Rival, not alone in deed 23
but in his dolence and his guerdon dour:
In thee and him two breasts of noblest breed
we see degraded to low state obscure:
To die in 'spital, on the bed of need,
who King and Law like wall of i'ron secure!
Thus do capricious Kings, whose will demandeth
more than what Justice or what Truth commandeth:

" Thus do the Kings who, drunk with flatt'ery, feel 24
the charm of show that gains their hearts' content ;
the doles of Ajax' arm the due they deal
to tongue of vain Ulysses fraudulent:
But,—oh Revenge !—these goods of little weal,
wasted on those who ghosts of Good present,
if brave and gentle Knights miss all their grants,
such grants but glut their greedy sycophants.

" Yet thou ! who paidest in such sorry ways, 25
such liege, oh King ! unjust in this alone,
if ne'er 'twas thine to give him grade and praise,
'twas his to give his King a golden throne.
Long as Apollo bathes with blessèd rays
this ball of Earth, I swear, shall aye be known
amid the Great and Good his name and fame,
and thine for Av'arice aye shall bear the blame !

" See now ! " shè sang, " another[1] comes in pride 26
of the Blood Royal, and he brings from home
the Son, whose name shall sound o'er Ocean-tide,
high as the Roman's in best days of Rome.
The two with warrior arms to hearts affied,
shall deal to fertile Quiloa dreadful doom,
and crown a gentler King of loyal strain,
who ends the Tyrant's fell perfidious reign.

[1] Dom Francisco d'Almeida, first Viceroy.

"Mombasah-city, with her brave array 27
of sumptuous palace, proudest edifice,
defaced, deformed by fire and steel shall pay
in kind the tale of byegone malefice.
Thence on those Indian shores which proud display
their hostile fleets, and warlike artifice
'gainst the Lusians, with his sail and oar
shall young Lourenço work th' extremes of war.

"What mighty vessels Sam'orim's orders own 28
covering Ocean, with his iron hail
poured from hot copper-tube in thunder-tone
all shall he shatter, rudder, mast and sail;
then with his grapples boldly, deftly thrown,
the hostile Ammiral he shall assail,
board her, and only with the lance and sword
shall slay four hecatombs of Moors abhor'd.

"But God's prevision 'scaping human sight, 29
alone who knows what good best serves His end,
shall place the Hero where ne toil ne might
his lost young life availeth to forfend.
In Cháúl-bay, where fierce and furious fight
with fire and steel shall fervid seas offend,
th' Infidel so shall deal that end his days
where Egypt's navy doth conjoin Cambay's.

"There shall the pow'er of man'ifold enemies,— 30
for only stronger force strong force can tire,—
and Winds defaulting and fierce injuries
of Ocean, 'gainst a single life conspire:
Here let all olden men from death arise
to see his Valour, catch his noble fire:
A second Scæva[1] see who, hackt and torn,
laughs at surrender, quarter holds in scorn.

"With the fierce torture of a mangled thigh, 31
torn off by bullet which at random past,
his stalwart arms he ceaseth not to ply,
that fiery Spirit flaming to the last:
Until another ball clean cuts the tie
so frail that linkèd Soul and Body fast;—
the Soul which loosèd from her prison fleets
whither the prize eterne such Conq'ueror greets.

"Go, Soul! to Peace from Warfare turbulent 32
wherein thou meritedst sweet Peace serene!
for those torn tortured limbs, that life so rent
who gave thee life prepareth vengeance keen:
I hear e'en now the furious storm ferment,
threating the terrible eternal teen,
of Chamber, Basilisco, Saker-fire,
to Mameluke cruel and Cambayan dire.

[1] Lucan, VI. 251, etc.

"See with stupendous heart the war to wage, 33
driven by rage and grief the Father flies,
paternal fondness urging battle-gage,
fire in his heart and water in his eyes:
Promise the sire's distress, the soldier's rage,
a bloody deluge o'er the knees shall rise
on ev'ry hostile deck: This Nyle shall fear,
Indus shall sight it, and the Gange shall hear.

"As when some lusty Bull would train and teach 34
his limbs for cruel fight, with horns he playeth
on trunk of builder-oak, or mast-like beech,
and wounding empty air his might essayeth:
Thus ere his keels Cambaya's Gulf can reach
Francisco, fierce with vengeful ardour preyeth
on Dabul,[1] op'ulent harbour, whets his brand.
and 'bates the tumid bragging of the land:

"And soon shall scatter, sailing up the Bight, 35
of Diu[2] enfamed for siege and battle dread,
Calecut's strong Armada weak of fight,
that trusts to paddles steely mail instead:
She of Melique Yáz, who boasts her might
of balls by thee, O Vulcan! scatterèd,
shall see her Carvels to the frore deep sent
where hidden sleeps the humid element.

[1] Chief Harbour of Bijapur.
[2] Islet in the Gulf of Cutch, governed by Malik Iyáz.

"While she of Mir Hosem[1] which, linkèd fast 36
with grapples waits th' Avenger side by side,
shall sight the lopt-off arms and legs float past,
sans owner-bodies, o'er the shifting tide:
Like flamey bolt on Earth by thunder cast
in blinding mist of blood the Braves shall ride:
There naught shall strike the shrinking ear and eye
save fire and steel-flash, shout and slogan-cry.

"But, ah! that homeward from such wars victorious, 37
bound for the Tagus of his Fatherland,
he nigh should forfeit meeds so great and glorious,
by sad black chance I see in Fortune's hand!
The Cape of Storms that guards his name memorious
shall guard his bones, nor blush shall stain its strand,
that noble spirit from the world to tear,
Egyptian strength ne'er tore nor Indian snare.

"There salvage Caffres shall have pow'er to do 38
what ne'er could do the pow'er of dext'erous foe;
and the rude fire-charred club and staff subdue
whom ne'er subduèd ball nor artful bow.
Forsooth His judgments hide from human view!
Vain fools who vainly judge what none may know,
call a misfortune, term a fate malign,
what is but Prov'idence pure, all-wise, divine.

[1] Mir Husayn, the Turk.

"But, oh! what lustrous Light illumes mine eyes," 39[1]
resumed the Nymph, as rose again her tone,
"there where Melinde's blood-dyed Ocean lies
from Lamo, Oja, Brava-town, o'erthrown
by hand of Cunha, such a deed ne'er dies,
o'er farthest seas his name shall aye be known
that lave those Austral Islands, and the shore
Saint Lawrence[2] hight and ring the wide world o'er.

"This Light is glance and glare of lucent arm 40
wherewith your Albuquerque's hand shall tame
the Hormuz Parsi's heart which be his harm,
refusing gentle rule as yoke of shame.
There shall he see of shafts the strident swarm,
in air revolving with recurvèd aim
upon his archer, for our God shall aid,
who holy faith of Mother Church would spread."

[1] 38 *a.* Not in Camoens.

Then waxt the woeful wail a sorer strain,
"Oh, God, what vision in the further days!
That fair young Prince of Gaul's imperial vein,
so knightly valiant, fain of fame and praise:
I see him fighting, stricken, fallen, slain,
piercèd in front by Caffre assegais:—
Blush, Albion! blush, when Britons dare to flee
and leave such Prince such óbscure doom to dree!"

[2] Madagascar.

"There the Salt Mountains[1] never shall defend 41
corruption from remains of men that met
War's doom, and o'er the seas and shores extend
of Gerum Isle,[2] Maskat and Calayat:
Till by pure force of arms they learn to bend
the subject neck, and pay the scot of Fate:
Compulsion sore this wicked Reign shall vex
and tithe of pearl that Barem's oyster decks.

"What wreaths of glorious Palms I see them weave 42
wherewith by Victory's hand his head is crown'd;
when he sans shade of fear or shame shall reave
illustrious Goa's Island world-renown'd.
See, forced by Need's hard law his prize to leave,
he seeks new favouring chance; and, soon as found,
the taken he retakes; such Arm and Art
shall conquer Fortune and the self of Mart.

"Lo! he returns and bursts what dares oppose, 43
thro' bullet, lance-plump, steel, fire, strongest hold;
breaks with his brand the squadded host of foes,
the serried Moor, the Géntoo manifold.
His inclyt sold'iery more of fury shows
than rampant Bulls, or Lyons hunger-bold,
that Day[3] for ever celebrate and digne
of Egypt's Martyr-maid, Saint Catherine.

[1] On Ormuz or Hormuz Isle.
[2] Bahrayn Island.
[3] Nov. 25, 1510.

"Nor shalt thou 'scape the fate to fall his prize, 44
albeit so wealthy, and so strong thy site
there on Aurora's bosom, whence thy rise,
thou Home of Opulence, Malacca hight!
The poysoned arrows which thine art supplies
the Krises [1] thirsting, as I see, for fight,
th' enamoured Malay-men, the Javan braves,
all of the Lusian shall become the slaves."

She had more stanzas sung in Siren-strain, 45
lauding her Albuquerque's high renown,
when she recalled the pass'ionate deed, the stain
on his white fame that o'er the world hath shone.
The mighty Captain whom the Fates ordain
to view his toils win Glory's lasting Crown,
should ever 'prove him kind and loved compeer
of his own men, not cruel judge severe.

In days of hunger and of dire distress, 46
sickness, bolts, arrows, thunder, lightning-glint,
when the sore seasons and sad sites oppress
his soldiers, rendering services sans stint;
it seemeth salvage act of wild excess,
of heart inhuman, bosom insolent,
to make last penalty of Laws atone
for sins our frailty and our love condone.

[1] The Malay "crease."

Abominable incest shall not be 47
his sin, nor ruffian rape of virgin pure,[1]
not e'en dishonour of adultery,
but lapse with wanton slave-girl, vile, obscure:
If urged by jealous sting, or modesty,
or used to cruelty and harshness dour,
Man from his men mad anger curbeth not,
his Fame's white shield shall bear black ugly blot.

Learnt Alexander that Apelles lovèd 48
and his Campaspe gave with glad consent,
though was the Painter not his Soldier provèd,
nor in hard urgent siege his force was pent.
Felt Cyrus, eke, Panthéa deeply movèd
Araspas, by the fire of Passion brent,
though he had tane her charge, and pledged his oath
dishonest love should never break his troth:

But see'ing the noble Persian 'slaved and sway'd 49
by pow'er of Passion, sans in fine defence,
he gives light pardon, and thus gained his aid
in gravest case, the fittest recompense.
Himself perforce the mate of Judith made
Baldwin hight "Bras-de-fer," but his offence
her father, Charles, for troublous times condone'd,
and gave him life the Flanders' reign to found.

[1] Alludes to the hanging of Ruy Dias.

Again the Lyre its soul of musick sheds, 50
and sings the Nymph how shall Soáres fly
air-winn'owing flags whose terror far o'erspreads
the ruddy coasted lands of Araby:
Th' abominable town, Medina, dreads
as Meca dreads and Gidá, and where lie
Abassia's ultime shores: while Barbora fears
the fate that floodeth Zeyla-mart with tears.

"And, eke, the noble Island Taproban, 51
whose ancient name ne'er fail'd to give her note,
as still she reigns superb and sovereign
by boon of fragrant tree-bark, biting-hot:
Toll of her treasure to the Lusitan
ensign shall pay, when proud and high shall float
your breezy banners from the lofty tower,
and all Columbo fear your castled power.

"Sequeira,[1] too, far sailing for the shore, 52
of Erythras, new way shall open wide
to thee, Great Empire! who canst vaunt of yore
to be Candáce's and the Sheban's nide:
Masuá[2] that hoards in tanks her watery store,
he shall behold by Port Arquico's side;
and send explorers to each distant isle,
till novel wonder all the world beguile.

[1] Succeeded Soares, A.D. 1518.
[2] Hod. Masawwah Island.

"Succeeds Menézes;[1] less enfamed his sword 53
shall be in Asia than in Africk-land:
he shall chastise high Hormuz' erring horde
and twofold tribute claim with conq'uering hand.
Thou also, Gama! shalt have rich reward
for ban of exile, when to high command
entitled, 'County' thou shalt be restorèd
to the fair region this thy Feat explorèd.

"But soon that fatal Debt all flesh must pay, 54
wherefrom our Nature no exception knows,
while deckt with proudest Royalty's array,
from Life shall reave thee and Life's toils and woes:
Other Menézes[2] cometh sans delay,
who few of years but much of prudence shows
in rule; right happy this Henrique's lot
by human story ne'er to be forgot.

"Conquer he shall not only Malabar, 55
destroy Panáné and Coulété waste,
hurling the bombards, which through hurtled air
deal horrid havock on th' opposing breast;
but, dower'd with virtues truly singular,
he deals to seven-fold Spirit-foes his hest:
Covetise with Incont'inence he shall spurn,—
the highest conquest in the years that burn.

[1] D. Duarte, A.D. 1522.
[2] D. Henrique, A.D. 1525.

"Him, when his presence shall the stars invite 56
O Mascarenhas brave![1] thou shalt succeed;
and if injurious men shall rob thy right
eternal Fame I promise for thy meed!
That ev'ry hostile tongue confess thy might
and lofty valour, Fate for thee decreed
for more of Palm-wreaths shall thy glory crown,
than the Good Fortune due to thy renown.

"Where Bintam's[2] reign her baleful head uprears, 57
Maláca humbling with her harmful hate,
in one short day the thousand tyrannous years
with bravest bosoms shalt avenge and 'bate:
Inhuman travails, perils without peers,
a thousand iron reefs, and dangerous strait,
stockade and bulwark, lances, arr'owy sleet,
all shalt thou break, I swear, all shalt submit.

"But Inde's Ambition, and her Lucre-lust, 58
for ever flaunting bold and brazen face
in front of God and Justice, shall disgust
thy heart, but do thine honour no disgrace.
Who works vile inj'ury with unreas'oning trust
in force, and footing lent by rank and place,
conquereth nothing, the true Conq'ueror he
who dares do naked Justice fair and free.

[1] D. Pedro, A.D. 1526. [2] Java.

" Yet to Sampaio [1] will I not gainsay 59
a noble valour shown by shrewdest blows,
that shall o'er Ocean flash like thunder-ray,
curded with thousand corpses of his foes.
He shall in Bacanor make fierce assay
on Malabar, till owns in terror-throes
Cutiále,[2] beaten with his battered Fleet
the dreadful ruin of a rout complete.

Nor less of Diu the fierce and fere Armade, 60
the dread of Cháúl, daring, proudly man'd,
with single glance shall fall, till all have fled
our Hector da Sylveira's heavy hand :
Our Hector Portingall, of whom 'tis said,
that o'er yon ever armed Cambayan strand,
such wrath on Guzerats 'tis his to wreak
as Trojan Hector wreakèd on the Greek.

" Then shall succeed to fierce Sampaio's powers 61
Cunha,[3] and hold the helm for many a year ;
building of Chálé-town the lofty towers,
while quakes illustrious Diu his name to hear :
Bassein to him her sturdy standard lowers,
yet not sans bloodshed, for with groan and tear
Melíque [4] se'eth his proudest estocade
storm'd not by firebrand but by sway of blade.

[1] Lope Vaz S., the Usurper.
[2] The Moslem Admiral.
[3] D. Nuno, A.D. 1529.
[4] Bahádur Sháh, King of Cambay.

" Next comes Noronha,[1] whose auspicious sway 62
Diu from the barbarous Rumé-warman rends;
Diu, which beleaguer'd in his warrior way
Antonio da Sylveira well defends:
Soon must Noronha doom of death obey,
when branch of thine,[2] O Gama! aidance lends
to govern empire, and his fiery zeal
Fear's pallid hue to Red Sea waves shall deal.

" From thine Estevam's hands shall take the rein, 63
one raised already to a high degree
by his Brazilian wars, and trophies tane
from the French Pyrat[3] homed upon the sea:
Then dubbèd Amm'irall of our Indian Main,
Damán's proud Valverte in her panoply
he scales, the first that open gate to thread
by flames and thousand fletchers coverèd.

" To him Cambaya's King, that haughtest Moor, 64
shall yield in wealthy Diu the famous fort,
that he may gain against the Grand Mógor
'spite his stupendous pow'er, your firm support:
Thence shall he wend, most valiant conqueror,
to hem the Géntoo King, in Cal'ecut port
so let and hinder'd, he and all who hied
with him, retirèd in their blood red dyed.

[1] D. Garcia, A.D. 1539. [2] Estevam da Gama, A.D. 1540.
[3] Villegagnon, expelled by Martim (Martinho) Afonso de Souza, chosen A.D. 1542.

"Low shall he lay the city Repelim 65
her Monarch forcing with his men to run;
then well-nigh reached the Cape 'clept Comorim,
another wreath of Fame by him is won;
the strongest squadron of the Samorim
who doubted not to see the world undone,
he shall destroy with rage of fire and steel:
Be'adálá's self his martial yoke shall feel.

"Then from all Indus-land thus swept the foes, 66
the Conqu'eror, coming scepter'd state to claim,
finds no resistance where none dare oppose,
for nations tremble at his terrible name.
Alone shall risk of War the scourging woes
Baticalá [1] and dree Be'adálá's shame:
Here blood and corpses shall defile the land
deformed by thund'erous gun and fiery brand.

"This shall be Martin, who the name of Mart 67
beareth and eke the deeds the name that gave:
As much esteemed for arms in every part,
as wise in stratagem, in counsel grave
Castro [2] succeeds, who Lusia's estandart
shall bear for ever in the front to wave;
Successor the Succeeded's work who endeth;
that buildeth Diu, this buildèd Diu defendeth.

[1] Now Sadashivgarh.

[2] D. Joam de Castro (A.D. 1545) worthily ends the Viceroys.

" The fightful Perse, th' Abassian, and the Rume 68
who hath revived the name of Rome, their liege,
of varied customs, various in costume,
fell tribes a thousand flocking to the siege ;
on Earth against the Heav'ens shall vainly fume
that gars such handful so their lands abridge :
In blood of Portingalls this Paynimry
voweth its crookt and curved moustache to dye.

" Dread Basiliscos, Lyons' fiery flare, 69
fierce Catapults, and mines that hidden spring,
shall Mascarenhas[1] and his Barons dare,
and to th' assurèd Death glad mien shall bring :
Till, when all Hope is fled and reigns Despair,
Castro, the saviour, cometh offering
his sons' young lives, and wills their names survive
God's sacrifices aye in Death to live.

" One son, Fernando, sci'on of tree so high, 70
where violentest flames with loudest roar
blow shatter'd ramparts to the smoky sky,
there, stricken down on Earth, shall Heav'enward soar :
Alvaro, when mankind dread Winter fly
and shift from humid path for arid shore,
opens the waters 'spite what risks oppose,
and fighteth winds and waves to fight the foes.

[1] Commanding Diu fort.

" When, see ! the Father cuts the wavy waste, 71
leading what resteth of the Lusitan ;
with warman's arm and arts which e'er be best
he offers battle's rem'edy sovereign :
These scale the remparts and at gateways jest,
those cut broad gates through squads with rage insane :
Deeds they shall do so digne memorious glory,
song shall not suit nor Hist'ory hold the story.

" He shall once more upon the field appear 72
a strong intrepid victor, where his sight
Cambaya's puissant King[1] shall strike with fear,
and hideous hosts of quadrupeds[2] affright :
Nor less shall fail his puissant reign t' uprear
the Hydalcham,[3] when mighty arms shall smite
chastisèd Dábul, mistress of the coast,
nor shall spare Pondà's distant inland post.

" Barons like these, with peers from various parts, 73
all worthy marvel and all mastering Fame,
raisèd to rank of Mart by martial arts,
shall come the pleasures of this Isle to claim :
Their hands shall wave triumphant estandarts
wherever keel-edge cutteth Ocean-stream :
Such men these Nymphs these banquets aye shall find,
Honours and Glories to high Gestes assign'd."

[1] Bahádur Sháh of Gujarát.
[2] Elephants.
[3] Adil Sháh of Bijápúr.

Thus sang the Siren, while her sister-choir 74
with their sonorous plaudits filled the hall;
wherewith to hail the hour of glad desire
crowning the happy marriage-festival.
"However Fortune's wheel shall turn its tire,"
with one harmonious accent chaunted all,
"renownèd People! rest your souls secure
of Honour, Valour, Fame, while worlds endure!"

When man's corporeal necessity 75
was with the noble viands satisfied,
and when in sweet melodious suavity,
all had their lofty future feats descried;
Tethys, with grace adorned and gravity,
that with a higher pomp and double pride
be crowned the revels of this joyous day,
to glad and happy Gama thus 'gan say:—

"To thee Supremest Wisdom guerdon gave, 76
Baron! who hast beheld with fleshly eyne
what things the Future hath the pow'er to save
from Mortals' petty pride and science vain.
Follow me firmly, prudent as thou'rt brave,
to yonder craggy brake with all thy train!"
Thus she, and straightway through a long wood led
arduous, gloomy, fere for foot to tread.

Nor far they steppèd when on culm'inant height 77
where stretcht a gem-enamel'd mead they stood;
Smaragd and Ruby-strewn, so rich the sight
presumed 'twas Paradisial floor they trod:
Here swimmeth air a Globe,[1] through which the light
of purest radiance piercèd in such mode
that as its polisht surface clearest clear,
so doth its centre and its core appear.

What mote its matter be escapes their eyes, 78
yet 'scapes them not it holdeth in embrace
var'ious Orbs, by wand of Him All-wise
disposed to circle round one central place:
Rolling it sinks and then returns to rise,
and yet ne sinks ne rises; while one face
is shown to all and every part, each part
begins in fine and ends with heav'enly art:

Uniform, perfect, and self-poised it be, 79
like th' Archetype who drew the grand design.
Stood Gama overwhelmed this globe to see
with joy, and hope its nature to divine:
When thus the Goddess:—"Here th' Epitome,
in little volume, to those eyes of thine
I give the gen'eral World, so shalt thou view
where goest thou, shalt go, and what shalt do.

[1] The Solar System (Ptolemeian).

"Here see the mighty World-machine appear, 80
ethereal where the fourfold el'ements blend,
made by His deep design, His lofty lere,
who lacks beginning and who has no end.
He who surrounding holds this shapely sphere,
this globe in filèd surface packt and pen'd,
is God: But what God is th' intelligence
of mortal genius ne'er shall dare pretence.

"This primal Orb, that rolling doth enclose 81
the lesser circles in its lines confin'd;
this Sphere, whose flood of clearest radiance flows
blinding man's vision and his vulgar mind
is hight th' Empyrean:[1] Here the Blest repose,
here perfect Spirits bliss eternal find,
inéffable joys which He alone may ken
Who hath no likeness in the World of Men.

"Only to this Imperial Sphere belong 82
the Gods of Truth; for Saturn, Janus, I,
Jove and his Juno are a fabled throng,
a mortal figment, a blind phantasy:
Only to deck the Poet's sprightly song
we servèd; and, if more humanity
we gained of man, 'twas that his wit hath given
our names and natures to the stars of Heaven:

[1] Or Imperial: No. 11 sphere, "sensorium of the Deity."

"And, eke, because that Holy Providence,— 83
the Jupiter of mythologick strain,—
by thousand Spirits wise in perfect sense,
ruleth all mundane things it doth sustain.
Prophetick Science doth this Truth dispense,
a Truth so many instances maintain:
Sprites that be good aye guide and favour man,
the bad his course impede whene'er they can.[1]

"Here willèd Picture, lief with change to play 84
pleasing and teaching, mixing gay and grave,
to give them titles which your olden lay
to fabled Gods in poet-fables gave:
For even th' Angels of th' eternal day
as Gods enrollèd were in sacred stave;
which e'en denies not such exalted name
sometimes to sinner though with falsest claim.

"In fine the God Supreme who works His will 85
by second worldly causes, all commands:
Return we now the works profound to tell
of His divine and venerated Hands.
Beneath this circle, where all blissful dwell
pure godly Sprites, which fixt for ever stands,
another rolleth, and so swift none see
its course: This is the Primum Mobilé:[1]

[1] A couplet for "The Spiritualist."
[2] First mover, *i.e.* source of motion: Sphere No. 10.

"And with its rapt[1] and rapid whirl it drags 86
all lesser spherelets which its womb containeth:
By work of this the Sun who never flags
with alien courses Day and Night sustaineth:
'Neath this swift orb another orb slow lags,[2]
so slow, so hard a curb its ardour reineth,
while Phœbus makes, with ever splendid face,
two hundred rounds, this moves a single pace.

"Lower this other view,[3] enamel'd gay 87
with burnisht figures gleaming radiant bright;
which in it too hold constant ordered way,
orbs on their axes scintillant empight:
Thou seest well 'tis dight with brave array
of broad and golden Zone, the Zodiac hight,
wherein twelve starry forms of an'imals shine,
that Phœbus' mansions limit and define.

"Behold in other parts the portraiture, 88
limned by the Stars that sparkling glances shed:
Behold the Wain, attend the Cynosure,
and, with her fierce Worm-father, Andromed:
See Cassiopeia's beauty lovely pure,
with turbulent Orion's gesture dread:
Behold the Swan that doth in song expire,
the Hare and Hounds, the Ship and dulcet Lyre.

[1] *i.e.* moving the orbs from east to west.
[2] Crystalline Sphere (No. 9), revolving in 49,000 years.
[3] Firmament or Zodiac: Sphere No. 8.

"Beneath this firmamental canopy 89
thou seest Saturn's sky, that Godhead old:
With faster flight doth Jove below him fly,
and Mars yet lower, bellick planet bold:
In the fourth seat shines Heaven's radiant eye;
then Venus leadeth all her Loves enrol'd;
Mercury wends with eloquence divine;
and 'neath him Dian showeth faces trine.

"In all these orbits motion different 90
shalt see; in these 'tis swift, in those 'tis slow;
now fly they farthest from the firmament,
then sweep they nearest earth that lurks below;
even so willed the Sire Omnipotent,
who made the Fire and Air, the Wind and Snow:
These lie more inward, as thou shalt be shown,
and Earth with Ocean for their centre own.

"Within this centre, Inn[1] of humankind, 91
whose reckless spirits not alone defy
suff'erings and ills to stable Earth confine'd,
but e'en the Sea's fierce instability;
thou shalt see various Continents define'd
by blindly raging tides, where parted lie
the various Realms which various monarchs sway,
whose varied Customs varied laws obey.

[1] *In orig.* Posada, *i.e.*, not a home.

" See high, haught Europe that adores the Rood, 92
for pow'er and polity o'er all renown'd :
See Africk grudging ev'ery worldly good,
yon rough, incult and monster-haunted ground ;
whose Stormy Cape till now your search withstood,
by Nature 'stablished as her Austral bound :
Behold this quarter where the Blackmoors dwell
sans-loys, sans-foys, whose numbers none can tell.

" Behold the Ben'omotápa's puissant reign 93
of salvage Negros, nude and noisome race,
where shall for Holy Faith be foully slain
martyr'd Gonçalo,[1] suffering sore disgrace :
This hidden Hemisphere to golden vein
gives birth, which man must win by sweat of face
See from yon Lake, whence Nilus rolls his tide,
how springs Cuáma [2] from the farther side.

" Behold those Blackmoors and their huts that stand 94
sans doors, each castled in his natal nest,
they trust of Royal Justice the command,
and in the candour of the neighbour's breast :
Behold how furious flies the bestial band
like flock of dingy stares thick packt and prest ;
to fight Sofala's fortress they pretend
which dext'erous Nhaia's arm and wits defend :

[1] The Jesuit G. da Silveira, A.D. 1561.
[2] The Zambeze.

" See there the Lakes that cradle Father Nyle 95
whose ultime sources men of old ne'er knew :
See how he waters, 'gend'ering cockadrille,
Abassia-lond whose sons to CHRIST be true :
Behold how bare of bulwarks (novel style)
they show a better front against the foe :
See Meroe-island whilom known to fame,
which now the wild inhabitants Nobá name.

" On distant Africk hills a son of thee 96
in Turkish wars shall win the fame of Brave ;
hight Dom Christóvam shall the hero be,
but flesh from destined Death no skill shall save.
Here view the Coast where shelter from the sea
and glad relief to thee Melinde gave :
Note how yon Rhaptus[1]-stream, whose wide expanse
natives call Obi, ent'ereth in Quilmance.

95 *a*. Not in Camoens.

" And see yon twain from Britain's foggy shore
set forth dark Africk's jungle-plain to span ;
thy furthest fount, O Nilus ! they explore,
and where Zaïré springs to seek the Main :
The Veil of Isis hides thy land no more,
whose ways wide open to the world are lain :
They deem, vain fools ! to win fair HONOUR'S prize :—
This exiled lives, and that untimely dies.

[1] Rufiji river (of "sewn boats").

" The Cape which Antients ' Aromatic ' clepe 97
behold, yclept by Moderns Guardafú ;
where opes the Red Sea mouth, so wide and deep,
the Sea whose ruddy bed lends blushing hue :
This as a bourne was far thrust out to keep
Asia distinct from Africk, and a few
of the best markets Negro seaboards claim
Arquico are, Masuá and Súanquem.

" View éxtreme Suez where, old Annals say, 98
once stood the city hight Hero'opolis ;
by some Arsin'oe called, and in our day
she holdeth Egypt's fleets and argosies :
Behold the watery depths, where clove his way
Moses the mighty in past centuries :
Asia beginneth here her huge extent
in regions, kingdoms, empires opulent.

" See Sinai mountain,[1] with her boast and pride 99
the silver bier of saintly Catherine :
See Toro-port and Gidá, scant supplied
with fountain-water soft and crystalline :
Behold the Straits which end the southern side
of arid Aden-realms, that here confine
with tall Arzíran range, nude stone and live,
whence soft sweet rains of Heaven ne'er derive.

[1] Of vulgar error.

"See threefold Ar'aby, cov'ering so much ground, 100
where tawny peoples vague o'er vasty space;
whence come the Rabytes,[1] best for battle found,
light-limbed, high-fettled, noble-blooded race.
Behold the coast that trends to bind and bound
yon other Persian Strait, where sight can trace
the Headland proud the potent name to own
of Fartak-city, erst to Fame well-known.

"Behold insign Dofar that doth command 101
for Christian altars sweetest incense-store:
But note, beginning now on further band
of Rosalgáté's[2] ever greedy shore,
yon Hormuz Kingdom strown along the strand,
whose fame for riches still shall higher soar
when the Turk's galleys, and his fierce Armade
see Castel-Branco[3] bare his deadly blade.

"Behold of Asabón the Head, now hight 102
Mosandam, by the men who plough the Main:
Here lies the Gulf whose long and lake-like Bight
parts Araby from fertile Persia's plain.
Attend yon Barem Isle, with depths bedight
by the rich pearly shell whose blushes feign
Auroran tints; and view in Ocean brine
Euphrate and Tygre in one bed conjoin.

[1] Arab horses. [2] Ras el-Hadd.
[3] D. Pedro de C., Governor of Hormuz.

"Great Persia's noble Empire here behold, 103
ever on Destr'ier or in Camp of War,
whose sons disdain the copper-tube to mould,
and hands not horny with the Cymitar.
But see yon Gerum Isle the tale unfold
of mighty things which Time can make or mar;
for of Armúzá-town yon shore upon
the name and glory this her rival won.

"Here Dom Philippe de Menézes view 104
approved a doughty valiant man-at-arms,
who with his Portughueze exceeding few
shall quell the Lára [1] Parsi's potent swarms:
Pedro de Sousa too shall make them rue
reversèd Fortunes, Warfare's deadliest harms,
who had his prowess in Ampáza [2] shown,
and took the land by sweep of sword alone.

"But now the Narrows and their noted head 105
Cape Jask, Carpella called by those of yore,
quit we, the dry terrene scant favourèd
by Nature niggard of her normal store:
Whilere Carmánia 'twas intitulèd:
But view fair Indus-flood whose waters pour
adown his natal heights, and in the range
of neighbour-mountains see the source of Gange.

[1] Paragoge for Lár. [2] On the Zanzibar Coast.

" Behold Ulcindé's most luxuriant land 106
and of Jaqueta-shore yon intime bay;
the monster Bore which roaring floods the strand,
and ebb which flieth with like force away.
See where Cambaya's rich feracious band
boundeth re-entering seas, the Gulf Cambay;
and thousand Cities which I leave untold,
here hoard their wealth for you to have and hold.[1]

" See, runs the cel'ebrate seaboard Hindostánian 107
southward till reached its point, Cape Comori,
erst 'Cori' called, where th' Island Taprobanian
('tis now Ceylon) encrowns the fronting sea:
Besides these waves thy people Lusitanian,
who with their doughty arms will follow thee,
by conq'uering wars shall lands and towns debel,
wherein your sons and sons of sons shall dwell.

" The regions lying 'twixt these Rivers twain,[2] 108
thou see'st, with various tribes are infinite:
Here rule the Moslems; there the Géntoos reign
whose Holy Writ the Devil did indite:
See where Narsinga's seigniories contain
the saintly relicks blessing human sprite,
Thomé's remains, the Miss'ioner sanctified
who thrust his finger in Lord Jesu's side.

[1] Sind; the " Bore " (flood-tide), and Cutch Gulf.
[2] Indus and Ganges.

" Here rose the potent City, Meliapor 109
namèd, in olden time rich, vast and grand :
Her sons their olden idols did adore
as still adoreth that iniquious band :
In those past ages stood she far from shore,
when to declare glad tidings o'er the land
Thomé came preaching, after he had trod
a thousand regions taught to know his God.

" Here came he preaching, and the while he gave 110
health to the sick, revival to the dead ;
when Chance one day brought floating o'er the wave
a forest-tree of size unmeasurèd :
The King a Palace building lief would save
the waif for timber, and determinèd
the mighty bulk of trunk ashore to train
by force of engines, elephants and men.

" Now was that lumber of such vasty size, 111
no jot it moves, however hard they bear ;
when lo ! th' Apostle of CHRIST's verities
wastes in the business less of toil and care :
His trailing waist-cord to the tree he ties,
raises and sans an effort hales it where
a sumptuous Temple he would rear sublime,
a fixt example for all future time.

" Right well he knew how 'tis of Faith aver'd 112
' Faith moveth mountains ' will or nill they move,
lending a listening ear to Holy Word :
As CHRIST had taught him, so 'twas his to prove :
By such a mir'acle much the mob was stir'd ;
the Brahmins held it something from above ;
for, seen his signs and seen his saintly life,
they fear the loss of old prerogative.

" These be the Sacerdotes of Géntoo-creed, 113
that of sore jealousy felt most the pain ;
they seek ill-ways a thousand and take rede
Thomé to silence or to gar him slain :
The Principal who dons the three-twine thread,[1]
by a deed of horror makes the lesson plain,
there be no Hatred fell, and fere, and curst,
as by false Virtue for true Virtue nurst.

" One of his sons he slaughters, and accuses 114
Thomé of murther, who was innocent :
Bringing false witnesses, as there the use is,
him to the death they doom incontinent.
The Saint, assurèd that his best excuses
are his appeals to God Omnipotent,
prepares to work before the King and Court
a publick marvel of the major sort.

[1] The Brahminical cord.

" He bids be brought the body of the slain 115
that it may live again, and be affied
to name its slayer, and its word be tane
as proof of testimony certified.
All saw the youth revive, arise again
in name of Jesu CHRIST the Crucified:
Thomé he thanks when raised to life anew
and names his father as the man who slew.

" So much of marvel did this Mir'acle claim, 116
straightway in Holy Water bathes the King
followed by many: These kiss Thomé's hem
while those the praises of his Godhead sing.
Such ire the Brahmans and such furies 'flame,
Envy so pricks them with her venom'd sting,
that rousing ruffian-rout to wrath condign
a second slaughter-plot the priests design.

" One day when preaching to the folk he stood 117
they feigned a quarrel 'mid the mob to 'rise:
Already CHRIST his Holy man endow'd
with saintly martyrdom that opes the skies.
Rainèd innumerable stones the crowd
upon the victim, sacred sacrifice,
and last a villain, hast'ier than the rest,
pierced with a cruel spear his godly breast.

"Wept Gange and Indus, true Thomé! thy fate, 118
wept thee whatever lands thy foot had trod;
yet weep thee more the souls in blissful state
thou led'st to don the robes of Holy Rood.
But Angels waiting at the Par'adise-gate
meet thee with smiling faces, hymning God.
We pray thee, pray that still vouchsafe thy Lord
unto thy Lusians His good aid afford.

"And you, ye others, who usurp the name 119
of God's Apostles, miss'ioners like Thomé,
say, an ye boast of apostolick claim
why fare not Holy Faith to preach and pray?
If ye be salt see how yourselves ye shame,
cleaving to home, where none the Prophet play;
how shall be salted in dark days as these
(Pagans I leave) such hosts of heresies?

"But now this per'ilous theme I pass beyond; 120
gain we again the limnèd shore and site.
Here with the City whereof Fame is fond,
bends the long bow-line of Gangetick Bight:
Runneth Narsinga rich and potent lond,
runneth Orissa vaunting tissues bright,
and at the bottom of the Bay's long line,
illustrious Ganges seeks his home, the brine:

"Ganges whose acc'olents bathe, and bathing die, 121
and die in lively faith withal secure
whatever sins upon their spirits lie,
the Holy Waters lave them sinless-pure.
See Cathigam,[1] amid the highest high
in Bengal-province, proud of varied store
abundant, but behold how placed the Post
where sweeps the shore-line t'wards the southing coast.

"Arracan-realm behold, behold the seat 122
of Pegu peopled by a monster-brood;
monsters that 'gendered meeting most unmeet
of whelp and woman in the lonely wood.
Here bells of sounding orichalc they fit
upon their bodies, by the craftihood
of subtle Queen, who such new custom plan'd
to 'bate adult'erous Sin and Crime nefand.

"Behold Távái City,[2] whence begin 123
Siam's dominions, Reign of vast extent;
Tenassarí, Quedá of towns the Queen
that bear the burthen of the hot piment.
There farther forwards shall ye make, I ween,
Maláca's market grand and opulent,
whither each Province of the long seaboard
shall send of merchantry rich varied hoard.

[1] Chittagong. [2] Tavoy, in Tenasserim.

"From this Peninsula, they say, the sea 124
parted with puissant waves, and ent'ering tore
Samátra's noble island, wont to be
joined to the Main as seen by men of yore.
'Twas callèd Chersonèse, and such degree
it gained by earth that yielded golden ore,
they gave a golden ep'ithet to the ground:
Some be who fancy Ophir here was found.

"But on her Lands-end throned see Cingapúr, 125
where the wide sea-road shrinks to narrow way:
Thence curves the coast to face the Cynosure,
and lastly trends Auroraward its lay:
See Pam, Patáne,[1] and in length obscure,
Siam, that ruleth all with royal sway;
behold Menam, who rolls his lordly tide
from Source Chiámái called, Lake long and wide.

"Thou see'st in spaces of such vast extent 126
nations of thousand names and yet unnamèd;
Láós in land and people prepotent,
Avás and Bramás[2] for vast ranges famèd.
See how in distant wilds and wolds lie pent
the self-styled Gueons,[3] salvage folk untamèd:
Man's flesh they eat: their own they paint and sear,
branding with burning iron,—usage fere!

[1] Malaccan Pa-ang, and Patani.
[2] Burmans.
[3] The Karen tribe.

"See Mecom river fret Cambodia's coast, 127
his name by 'Water-Captain' men explain;
in summer only when he swelleth most,
he leaves his bed to flood and feed the Plain:
As the frore Nyle he doth his freshets boast;
his peoples hold the fond belief and vain,
that pains and glories after death are 'signed
to brutes and soulless beasts of basest kind.

"This Stream with gentle, bland repose shall greet 128
in his embrace the Song,[1] that swam to land
from sad and piteous shipwreck dripping wet,
'scaped from the reefs and rocks that fang the strand;
from hunger-tortures and the perilous strait,
what time went forth the dour unjust command
on him, whose high sonorous lyre shall claim
such want of Fortune and such wealth of Fame.

"Here courseth, see, the callèd Champa[2] shore, 129
with woods of od'orous wood 'tis deckt and dight:
See Cauchichina still of note obscure,
and of Ainam[3] yon undiscoverèd Bight:
Here the proud Empire famed evermore
for wide-spread lands and wealth and matchles might,
of China runs, and boasts the whole her own
'twixt torrid Cancer and the frigid Zone.

[1] The singer personifies himself as "Song."
[2] The seaboard of Cochin China. [3] Hainan.

"Behold yon wondrous and incred'ible Wall, 130
this and that other Region built to part;
most certain symbol this which shows to all,
Imperial Puissance proud in arm and art:
These their born Princes to the throne ne'er call,
Nor Son succeedeth Sire in subject heart;
the prop'erest man as Monarch they devise,
Some Knight for virtue famèd, brave and wise.

"Parforce hide other vasty lands from thee 131
until what time no land remain unfound:
But leave thou not those Islands of the Sea,[1]
where Nature rises to Fame's highest round:
This Realm half-shadowed, China's empery
afar reflecting, whither ships are bound,
is the Japan, whose virgin silver mine
shall shine still sheen'ier with the Law Divine.[2]

"Here see o'er Oriental seas bespread 132
infinite island-groups and alwhere strewed:
Tidore, Ternáte view, whose burning head
lanceth the wavy flame and fiery flood:
There see the groves the biting clove-bud shed,
bought with the price of Portughueze's blood;
here dwell the golden fowls, whose home is air
and never earthward save in death may fare.

[1] Malasia. [2] *i.e.*, be applied to missions.

"See Banda's Islets, which enamelled glow 133
various painted by the rosy fruits;
variegate birds, that flit from bough to bough,
take tithe and tribute of the greeny nuts:
See Borneo's sea-girt shore where ever flow
the perfumed liquor's thick and curded gouts,
the tears of forest-trees men 'Camphor' clepe,
wherefore that Island crop of Fame shall reap.

"Timor thence further sendeth forth her store 134
of fragrant Saunders, wood medicinal:
See Sunda's Isle,[1] so stretch her farther shore
that hideth Auster's regions of appall:
The wand'ering men who inner wilds explore,
tell of a stream whose marvels never pall;
for, where its lone and single current floweth,
dead wood that in it falls a live stone groweth.

"Behold yon land, made island of the sea[2] 135
by Time, whose trembling flame in vapour swelleth,
see Petroil-fountain, and the prodigy
of od'orous juice the weeping tree distilleth;[3]
sweeter than scent-tears shed in Araby
by Cin'yras' daughter, where for aye she dwelleth;
and see, how holding all that others hold,
soft silk she hoardeth and the nugget-gold.

[1] Java. [2] We now return westward to Sumatra.
[3] Styrax benzoin (gum benjamin).

" See in Ceylon that Peak [1] so stark, so gaunt, 136
shooting high o'er the clouds or mocking sight:
The native peoples hold it sacrosanct
for the famed Stone where print of foot is pight:
O'er lone Maldivia's islets grows the plant,[2]
beneath profoundest seas, of sov'ereign might;
whose pome of ev'ry Theriack is confest
by cunning leech of antidotes the best.

" Eke shalt thou see toforn the Red Sea strait 137
Socotra, famed for Aloë's bitter growth:
I subject other sea-girt Isles to 'wait
your steps where sandy Africk seaboard show'th;
and yieldeth floating mass [3] rare, odorate,
but whence it cometh none of mortals know'th:
Of Sam Lourenço see yon famous Isle,
which certain travellers Madagascar style.

" Here distant Orient's new-found climates see, 138
climes on the world by this your Feat bestowèd
that opened Ocean-portals patent-free,
whose vasty plain with doughty hearts you plowèd.
But in the Ponent als a reason be,
a Lusian's noble exploit be avowèd,
who being greatly by his King aggrieved,
shall force a passage Fancy ne'er conceived.[4]

[1] Adam's Peak.
[2] The Coco-de-mer.
[3] Ambergris.
[4] Magellan.

"See yon huge Region whose contin'uous lines 139
course from Callisto to the contr'ary Pole;
superb shall't be by boast of lucent mines
whose veins Apollo's golden tincture stole.
Castile, your ally, worthily designs
to make its barb'arous neck her yoke to thole:
In varied regions bide its various tribes,
with different rites which different use prescribes.

"But here where Earth spreads wider, ye shall claim 140
realms by the ruddy Dye-wood made renown'd:
These of the 'Sacred Cross'[1] shall win the name:
By your first Navy shall that world be found.
Along this seaboard, which your arm shall tame,
shall wend him seeking Earth's extremest bound
Magellan who, good sooth, by birth shall be
a Portughueze in all save loyalty.

"And when his courses pass the midway place 141
which from the Pole Antarctick parts the Line,
he shall behold an all but Giant race[2]
holding the countries which therewith confine:
Still onwards lie the Straits that aye shall grace
his name, which sea with sea through land conjoin;
a sea and land where horrid Auster bideth,
and 'neath his frozen wings their measure hideth.[3]

[1] S. Cruz (= The Brazil) found by Cabral, A.D. 1500.
[2] The Patagonians. [3] Australia (?)

"Thus far, O Portingalls! to you was given 142
the feats of future ages now to know;
how o'er those Oceans which your keels have riven
great-hearted Barons grandest deeds shall do:
And hence, since all with mighty toils have striven,
toils by whose Fame your favour aye shall grow
with your eternal Spouses debonnair,
who shall weave glorious crowns for you to wear:

"Ye can embark, for fav'ouring blows the Wind 143
and to your well-loved home the seas be clear."
Thus spake the Goddess, and the Braves incline'd
from the glad Island of sweet Love to steer.
They bear refreshment of the noblest kind,
they bear the longed-for Comp'any, each his Fere,
the Nymph that ever shall in heart abide,
long as the sunshine warmeth land and tide.

So fared they, cutting through the Main serene 144
with favouring breezes that ne'er blew in ire,
till they had sighted that familiar scene
their Fatherland, and ever fond desire.
They past the Tagus-mouth, our stream amene,
and gave their Country and their dread loved Sire,
who willed their voyage, glory and renown
and added lustrous titles to his crown.

No more, my Muse![1] no more, for now my Lyre 145
untunèd lies, and hoarse my voice of Song;
not that of singing tire I, but I tire
singing for surd and horny-hearted throng.
Favours which Poet-fancy mostly fire
our Land gives not, ah, no! 'tis plunged too long
in lust of lucre, whelmed in rudest folly
of vile, austere and vulgar melancholy.

Nor ken I wherefore, by what Fate indign 146
she 'joys ne genial pride, ne gen'eral taste,
which strengthen mortal spirit and incline
to face all travail with a happy haste.
Wherefore, O King! thou whom the Will Divine
hath on the kingly throne for purpose place'd
look that thou be (and see the realms of Earth)
sole Lord of vassals peerless in their worth!

Look how they gladly wend by many a way, 147
with raging Bulls' or rampant Lyons' might,
self-doomed to sleepless night and foodless day,
to fire and steel, shaft-show'er and bullet-flight:
To torrid Tropicks, Arcticks frore and grey,
the Pagan's buffet and the Moor's despight;
to risks invis'ible threating human life,
to wrack, sea-monsters and the waves' wild strife.

[1] Epilogue addressed to D. Sebastiam.

All risks to serve thy cause they dare affront, 148
to thee though distant yield they homage due,
of ev'ry hard command they bear the brunt
sans answer, ever prompt and ever true:
On single look of favour could they count,
infernal Demons, black with Hell's own hue,
with thee they fain encounter, and they dare
unconquer'd Conqueror their King declare.

Favour them alway, gladden every face 149
with thy fair Presence, blithe Humanity;
of rig'orous rule relieve them, deal the grace
of milder law that leads to sanctity:
impart to long Experience rank and place,
an with Experience 'habit Honesty
to work thy Sovran will; thus all shall trow
what things befall them, Whence and When and How.

All favour thou in Duty's different way, 150
as in each life the storèd talent lies:
Let the Religious for thy gov'ernance pray,
and beg a blessing on each high emprize;
fast they and fash their flesh for those who stray
in vulgar vices, and as wind despise
Ambition, ne'er shall holy Priest mislead
glare of vain-glory, nor of gain the greed.

Foster the Cavaliers with fair esteem, 151
that oft their fearless, fiery blood have lent
to spread not only Heaven's law supreme,
but eke thy royal Rule pre-eminent.
Such men who fare to face each fell extreme
of climate in thy cause aye diligent,
conquer a double foe; the fone that live,
and (deadlier task) with dark, dumb danger strive.

So do, my Sire! that sons of famous lands 152
Britons, Italians, Germans and the Gaul,
ne'er vaunt that might of mortal man commands
thy Portingalls, who should command them all.
Take counsel only with experienced hands,
men who long years, long moons, saw rise and fall:
Many for gen'eral science fitness show,
yet the partic'ulars none save experts know.

Elegant Phormion's philosophick store, 153
see how the practised Hannibal deridèd,
when lectured he with wealth of bellick lore
and on big words and books himself he pridèd.
Senhor! the Soldier's discipline is more
than men may learn by mother-fancy guidèd:
Not musing, dreaming, reading what they write;
'tis seeing, doing, fighting, teach to fight.

154 But I, what dare I say, rude, humble, low,
to thee unknown, yes, even in thy dreams?
Yet oft from lips of Babes and Sucklings flow,
I trow, the words of wisdom man esteems:
Right honest studies my career can show
with long Experience blent as best beseems,
and Genius here presentèd for thy view;—
gifts, that conjoinèd appertain to few.

155 For serving thee an arm to Arms addrest;
for singing thee a soul the Muses raise;
nought lacks me save of thee to stand confest,
whose duty 'tis the Good to prize and praise:
If Heav'en concede me this, and if thy breast
deign incept worthy of a Poet's lays;—
as doth presage my spirit vaticine
viewing thee pace the human path divine:—

156 Or do'ing such derring-do, that ne'er Meduse
shall Atlas-mountain like thy glances shake,
or battling on the plains of Ampeluse
Marocco's mures [1] and Terodant to break;
my now esteemèd and rejoicing Muse
thy name o'er Earth, I swear, so famed shall make,
an Alexander shall in Thee be shown
who of Achilles envy ne'er shall own.

[1] Alii "Marroco's Moors" (Mouros).

THE REJECTED STANZAS
(ESTANCIAS DESPREZADAS).

NOTE.

THESE Stanzas, omitted by Camoens, were discovered by Manoel de Faria y Sousa, and published in his Commentaries (Juan Sanches, 1639). The whole are extant in three manuscripts. Number I., the better of the two first, contains only six cantos: Number II., belonging to M. Correia Montenegro, embraces the whole poem. The third MS., in the hands of M. Luiz Franco, is given by Viscount Juromenha (Vol. VI. 419). It has only four "rejected stanzas"; the first three are those of Faria y Sousa; and the fourth is that of the established text (Canto I. 79) with a few unimportant changes of words and rhymes.

The Stanzas number:—

MS. No. 1, 48+2 fragments		=49
„ „ 2, (Correia Montenegro's)		=26
„ „ 3, (Luiz Franco's)		= 4
	Total	79

I will not here enter into the consideration why the Stanzas were left out. Many of them fully equal those retained in the popular "Lusiads"; but almost all contain something opposed to public, or rather to priestly, sentiment. A cursory glance shows that not a few want the polish and finish which distinguish the Poem. I have purposely followed suit for the sake of contrast and fidelity. Juromenha's original text is printed *in verso*, that the reader may judge how literal is my version, which, for additional security, was submitted to Mr. J. J. Aubertin, the translator of "The Lusiads."

ESTANCIAS DESPREZADAS.

Canto I.

Isto dizendo, irado e quasi insano,
Sobre a Thebana parte descendeo,
Onde vestindo a fórma, e gesto humano,
Para onde o sol nasce se moveo.
Já atravessa a mar Mediterrano,
Já de Cleopátra o reino discorreo;
Já deixa á mão direita os Garamantes,
E os desertos de Libya circumstantes.

2

Já Meróe deixa atraz, e a terra ardente,
Que o septemfluo rio vai regando,
Onde reina o mui sancto Presidente,
Os preceitos de Christo amoestando:
Já passa a terra de aguas carecente,
Que estão as alagôas sustentando;
D'onde seu nascimento tem o Nilo,
Que gera o monstruoso crocodilo.

THE REJECTED STANZAS.

MANUSCRIPT No. I.

Canto I. Stanza 77 (modified).

HE spake in fury wood, like wight insane, 1
And straight alighted on the Theban way,
Where mortal gest and human vesture tane,
He bore where new-born Phœbus bears the Day.
Now spans his flight the Med'iterranean Main,
Now spurns the bounds of Cleopatra's sway;
Now leaves to right the Garamántes-land,
And circumjacent sheets of Libyan sand.

Now leaves he Mer'oe 'mid the fiery downs, 2
Fed by the waters of the Sev'en-flood River,
Realms which the high and holy President[1] owns,
Of Christ His doctrine old and true Believer:
He passes drouthy land whose people wones
Lacking the Lakes that roll their waters ever;
The very birth-place of the secret Nyle
Who breeds the monstrous brood of crocodile.

[1] "Prester John."

3

D'aqui ao Cabo Prasso vai direito;
E entrando em Moçambique, nesse instante
Se faz na fórma Mouro contrafeito,
A hum dos mais honrados similhante.
E como a seu regente fosse acceito,
Entrando um pouco triste no semblante,
Desta sorte o Thebano lhe fallava,
Apartando-o dos outros com que estava.

Canto I.

"E para que dês credito ao que fallo,
Que este capitão falso está ordenando,
Sabe que quando foste a visitallo
Ouvi dous neste caso estar fallando:
No que digo não faças intervallo,
Que eu te digo, sem falta, como, quando
Os podes destruir; que he bem olhado
Que quem quer enganar fique enganado."

Canto III.

"Entre este mar, e as aguas onde vem
Correndo o largo Tánais de contino
Os Sarmátas estão, que se mantem
Bebendo o rôxo sangue, e leite equino.
Aqui vivem os Míssios, que tambem
Tẽe parte de Asia; povo baixo, e indino;
E os Ábios que mulheres não recebem;
E muitos mais que o Borysthenes bebem."

Hence to the Prasum Headland fast he flies ; 3
And, making Mozambíque, in briefest space
Becomes the Counterfeit, in Moorman guise,
Of one that held high honourable place.
And, as the Regent much this Moor did prize,
Ent'ering with somewhat sad and chargèd face,
Began the Theban thus his plaint to make,
Removing others who sat near the Shaykh.

Canto I. (after Stanza 80).

" And eke, that credit these my words befall,
Showing what plotteth yon false Capitayne,
Know, when thou wendedst on thy guest to call
I heard this case debated 'twixt a twain :
In what I tell thee make no interval,
And I will truly tell thee how, when, where,
Thou canst destroy them ; for I lief believe
We should deceive him who would us deceive."

Canto III. (after Stanza 10).

" Between this Ocean, and the waters shed
To feed large Tanaïs, flowing ceaseless flood,
Dwell the Sarmatæ races, who are fed
On mare-milk diet mixt with purpling blood.
Here live the Mysian peoples that o'erspread
A part of Asia, low, inglorious brood ;
Abii who banish women ; and with these
A host of tribes that drink Borysthenes."

Canto III.

" Mas a iniqua mãe seguindo em tudo
Do peito feminil a condição,
Tomava por marido a dom Bermudo,
E a dom Bermudo a toma hum seu irmão.
Vêde hum peccado grave, bruto e rudo,
De outro nascido ! Oh grande admiração !
Que o marido deixado vem a ter
Quem tem por enteada, e por mulher."

Canto IV.

" Sempre foram bastardos valerosos
Por letras ou por armas, ou por tudo :
Foram-o os mais dos deoses mentirosos,
Que celebrou o antigo povo rudo.
Mercurio, e o docto Apollo são famosos
Per sciencia diversa e longo estudo ;
Outros são só por armas soberanos ;
Hercules e Lyeu, ambos Thebanos.

2

" Bastardos são tambem Homero e Orpheo,
Dous a quem tanto os versos illustraram ;
E os dous de quem o imperio procedeo,
Que Troia e Roma em Italia edificaram.
Pois se he certo o que a fama já escreveo,
Se muitos a Philippo nomearam
Por pae do Macedonico mancebo
Outros lhe dão o manho Nectanebo.

Canto III. (for Stanza 29).

" But his ill mother following whither led
Her woman's bosom ready aye to range,
Took Dom Bermudo to her marriage-bed,—
And Dom Bermudo's brother takes in change.
See the foul, sinful, bestial action bred
By crime begetting crime ! Strange, mighty strange !
That left her husband she remains for e'er
His marriage-sister and his married fere."

Canto IV. (after Stanza 2).
Translated in the Millié-Dubeux edit. of 1862.

" The meed of valour Bastards aye have claimèd 1
By Arts or Arms, or haply both conjoinèd ;
Such were of fabled Gods the most enfamèd
To whom rude Antients highest rank assignèd.
Hermes, and doct Apollo still are namèd
For varied Science with long Art combinèd ;
Others by Arms alone prevail ; so reign
Bacchus and Hercules, that Theban Twain.

" Homer and Orpheus, eke, of birth were base, 2
The pair by Po'etry raised to such degree ;
And they, the Sires of that Imperial race,
Who founded Troy and Rome for Italy.
Nay, an in written legend trust we place,
Though many Philip made the father be
Of Macedonia's Youth, not few would prove
Great Nectanébus[1] filcht his mother's love.

[1] *Sic* in orig.

3

" Assi o filho de Pedro justiçoso,
Sendo governador alevantado
Do reino, foi nas armas tão ditoso,
Que bem póde igualar qualquer passado.
Porque vendo-se o reino receoso
De ser do Castelhano sujugado,
Aos seus o medo tira, que os alcança ;
Aos outros a falsífica esperança."

Canto IV.

" Nem no reino ficou de Tarragona
Quem não siga de Marte o duro officio :
Nem na cidade nobre, que se abona
Com ser dos Scipiões claro edificio.
Tambem a celebrada Barcelona
Mandou soldados dextros no exercicio :
Todos estes ajunta o Castelhano
Contra o pequeno reino Lusitano."

Canto IV.

" Oh inimigos máos da natureza
Que injuriaes a propria geração !
Degenerantes, baixos ! Que fraqueza
De esforço, de saber e de razão,
Vos fez, que a clara estirpe que se presa
De leal, fido e limpo coração,
Offendais dessa sorte ? Mas respeito
Que este dos grandes he o menor defeito."

"Thus Justiciary Pedro's bastard son, 3
Being exalted o'er the realm to sway,
By Gestes of arms such goods of Fortune won
That equalled ev'ery Great of bygone day.
He, when his kingdom feared to be undone
And prostrate lie, the proud Castilian's prey,
Bateth the terror his own lieges tries;
And in all others Esp'erance falsifies."

Canto IV. (after Stanza 11).

Omitted because Catalonia and Arragon did not then belong to Castile (?).

"Remainèd none in realm of Tarragon
Who shirkt to mell in Mavors' dour emprize:
None in the noble City, whose renown
Upon her founder Scipio's name relies.
And last not least the far-famed Barcelon
Sent warmen tried in warlike exercise:
All these strong powers uniteth haughty Spain
Against our little Lusitanian reign."

Canto IV. (after Stanza 13).

"Oh, foes unnat'ural! Nature so misbred,
Race of thy race's name disgrace that art!
Degenerates! caitiffs! say what feeble Dread,
Sans wisdom, reason, all Man's better part,
Have made a gallant people, born and bred
Loyal and brave with clean and candid heart,
Offend in such base guise? But I suspect
Amid the Great this be the least defect."

Canto IV.

" Qual o mancebo claro, no Romano
Senado, os grandes medos aquebranta
Do grão Carthaginez, que soberano
Os cutelos lhe tinha na garganta ;
Quando ganhando o nome de Africano
A resistir-lhe foi com furia tanta,
Que a patria duvidosa libertou,
O que Fabio invejoso não cuidou."

Canto IV.

" Já a fresca filha de Titão trazia
O sempre memorando dia, quando
As vesperas se cantam de Maria,
Que este mez honra, o nome seu tomando.
Para a batalha estava já este dia
Determinado : logo, em branqueando
A alva no ceo, os Reis se apparelhavam,
E as gentes com palavras animavam."

Canto IV.

" E vós Imperadores, que mandastes
Tanta parte do mundo, sempre usados
A resistir os asperos contrastes
De traidores crueis, e alevantados :
Não vos queixeis : que agora se attentastes,
Hum dos mais claros Reis, e mais amados,
Vê contra si, contra seu reino, e lei,
Seus vassallos por outro estranho Rei."

Canto IV. (in lieu of Stanza 21).

"E'en as the noble Youth of Roman strain
Strengthend the Senate, fain in fear to fly
The Carthaginian who, all-sovereign,
His whetted blade to shrinking throats brought nigh;
When worth'ily winning surname 'African,'
His furious fórce so did their force defy,
His doubtful country free as air he made
When jealous Fabius still his rede delay'd."

Canto IV. (after Stanza 27).

"Now Titan's daughter fresh and rosy came
Bringing that memorable, deathless day,
When Vespers chaunted are in Mary's name,
Hon'ouring the holy month whose name is May.
This day for battle having fittest claim
Was chosen: Now, as paled the morning Gray
Bleaching the skies, both Kings unsheathed their swords
Their hosts enheartening with hearty words."

Canto IV. (after Stanza 33).

"And, Emperors! you that held and had command
O'er so much Earth, aye ready to resist
In asp'erous conflict, and the wrong withstand
Of cruel Traitors raising Treason's crest:
Complain ye not: Nay, well this chance attend,
One of the noblest Kings, and loved the best,
Sees 'gainst his law, his crown, his self, his all,
Vavasors rise to sue a stranger's thrall.

Canto IV.

" Passaram a Giraldo co' as entranhas
O grosso e forte escudo, que tomára
A Perez que matou, que o seu de estranhas
Cutiladas desfeito ja deixára.
Morrem Pedro, e Duarte (que façanhas
Nos Brigios tinham feito) a quem criára
Bragança: ambos mancebos, ambos fortes,
Companheiros nas vidas e nas mortes.

2

" Morrem Lopo e Vicente de Lisboa,
Que estavam conjurados a acabarem,
On a ganharem ambos a coroa
De quantos n'esta guerra se afamarem
Por cima do cavallo Afonso voa;
Que cinco Castelhanos (por vingarem
A morte de outros cinco, que matára)
O vão privar assi da vida cara.

3

" De tres lanças passado Hilario cai;
Mas primeiro vingado a sua tinha;
Não lhe peza porque a alma assi lhe sai,
Mas porque a linda Antonia n'elle vinha:
O fugitivo esp'rito se lhe vai,
E n'elle o pensamento que o sostinha;
E saíndo da dama, a quem servia,
O nome lhe cortou na bocca fria."

Canto IV. (after Stanza 35).

These Homeric stanzas on the deaths of Portuguese knights took away interest from the central figure, the King.

" Piercèd [1] Giraldo's vitals through and through 1
And eke the huge thick targe he snatcht away
From Perez whom he killed; his own with hew
And strangest hack of cutlass useless lay.
Dies Pedro, and Duarte dies (in lieu
Of death amid the Brigians): Born were they
Both in Braganza, brave in youthful pride
Together lived they, fought they, fell they, died.

" Lopo and Vincent de Lisbóa bleed; 2
Sworn in the common cause to meet their fate;
Or both the crown to gain and Victory's meed
To snatch from all whom most enfamed this bate.
Afonso flieth from his battle-steed;
For five Castilians (who in ambush wait
to 'venge five comrades slain in earli'er strife)
Packing around him pluck his precious life.

" Down falls Hilario drilled by spear-heads three; 3
But first he took the vengeance of his spear;
He mourneth not because his Sprite goes free,
But for-that comes in it Antonia fair:
Flitteth the fug'itive Spirit fast, and flee
With it the thoughts sustaining all to dare;
And as life fled the service of his dame,
Fell from his clay-cold lips her broken name."

[1] *i.e.*, the lance.

Canto IV.

" Favorecem os seus com grandes gritas
O successo do tiro ; e elle logo
Toma outra : (que jaziam infinitas
Dos que as vidas perderam neste jogo)
Corre enrestando-a forte ; e d'arte incita
Á brava guerra os seus, que ardendo em fogo
Vão ferindo os cavallos de esporadas,
E os duros inimigos de lançadas."

Canto IV.

" Velasquez morre, e Sanches de Toledo, 1
Hum grande caçador, outro letrado :
Tambem perece Galbes, que sem medo
Sempre dos companheiros foi chamado :
Montanchez, Oropesa, Mondonhedo :
(Qualquer destro nas armas e esforçado)
Todos per mãos de Antonio, moço forte,
Destro mais que elles, pois os trouxe á morte.

2

" Guevara roncador, que o rosto untava,
Mãos e barba, do sangue que corria ;
Por dizer, que dos muitos que matava
Saltava nelle o sangue, e o tingia :
Quando destes abusos se jactava,
De través lhe dá Pedro, que o ouvia,
Tal golpe, com que ali lhe foi partida
Do corpo a vãa cabeça e a torpe vida.

Canto IV. (in lieu of Stanza 39).

" His foll'owers favour with a piercing cry
This goodly lunge of lance; nor is he slow
To snatch another (for innum'erous lie
The weapons lost by battle's losing throw):
He runs with couchèd spear: His bravery
Urgeth his Braves who, brent with martial lowe,
Into the courser's flanks keen rowels thrust,
And lance the foeman level with the dust."

Canto IV. (after Stanza 40).

The corresponding deaths of Spanish knights.

" Velasquez dies with Sanches de Toledo, 1
A mighty hunter this, and that a clerke:
Galbes eke perisheth surnamed 'Sem Medo,'[1]
For thus his comrades called for countermark:
Montánchez, Oropésa, Mondonhedo
(Albeit skilled in arms, in sinews stark),
Fell by Antonio's hand, stout youth and brave
Whose lance more dext'erous drave them to the grave.

" Braggart Guevára, who his front had dyed, 2
And hands and beard with blood that tinged the plain;
That he might bluster how the gory tide
Had spurted painting him with honour'd stain:
Him, bell'owing such bravados in his pride,
Pedro who heard the vauntings loud and vain,
Felled with such side stroke, that his empty head
Flew from his body and his base life fled.

[1] Sans peur.

3

" Pelo ar a cabeça lhe voou,
Inda contando a historia de seus feitos :
Pedro, do negro sangue que esguichou,
Foi todo salpicado, rosto e peitos ;
Justa vingança do que em vida usou.
Logo com elle ao occaso vão direitos
Carrilho, João da Lorca, com Robledo ;
Porque os outros fugindo vão de medo.

4

"Salazar, grão taful, e o mais antigo
Rufião, que Sevilha então sostinha ;
A quem a falsa amiga, que comsigo
Trouxe, de noite só fugido tinha.
Fugio-lhe a amiga, emfim, para outro amigo,
Porque vio que o dinheiro com que vinha,
Perdeo todo de um resto ; e não perdera,
Se huma carta de espadas lhe viera.

5

" O desprezo da amiga o desatina ;
E o mundo todo, a terra, e o ceo vagante,
Blasphemando ameaça, e determina
De vingar-se em qualquer que achar diante :
Encontra com Gaspar (que Catharina
Ama em extremo) e leva do montante,
Que no ar fere fogo ; e certo cria,
Que um monte da pancada fenderia.

" Flew high in airy space his feckless pate 3
While still a-boasting of some blatant Geste :
Pedro, besprinkled by the squirt and jet,
Feels black blood trickling down his beard and breast ;
Wherewith the mal'apert pays his vengeance debt.
Carrilho's sun eke setteth in its west,
Joam de Lorca and Robledo follow ;
While th' other braves in flight their boasts must swallow.

" Salazar, famous par'asite, and the head 4
Pander who made Sevilha town infame ;
Whom his false leman had at night-tide fled
Though to the 'campment she had brought her shame ;
Lief would with other friend this fair friend bed,
For-that the ducats wherewithal he came,
Were lost upon a cast ; nor were they lost
Had but a hand of spades came uppermost.

" His she-friend's treason gars him wits to tyne ; 5
And threaten un'iverse, earth and vagueing skies
Blaspheming ; and resolve with rage indign
All who dare cross his valour to chastise :
Encount'ering Gaspar (who his Catherine
Loves as his life) the broadsword fast he plies,
Till air fire-smitten makes him fain believe
Such stroke of mighty blade a hill could cleave.

6

" Bem cuida de corta-lo em dous pedaços;
Porém Gaspar, vendo o montante erguido,
Cerra com elle, e leva-o nos braços:
Commettimento destro e atrevido.
Braceia o Castelhano, e de ameaços
Se serve ainda; e estando já vencido,
O Portuguez forçoso, em breve móra,
Lhe leva a arma das mãos, e salta fóra.

7

" E porque elle não lhe use a propria manha
Que este lhe usara já, de ponta o fere:
Nos peitos o montante, emfim, lhe banha,
Porque de outra vingança desespere.
Fugio-lhe a alma indigna, e na montanha
Tartárea inda blasphema; ali refere
De mais não açoutar a imiga ingrata.
Que os açoutes de Alecto o pena e mata.

8

" E do metal de espadas aos damnados
Diz males e blasphemias sem medida;
Que já por não lhe entrar perde os cruzados,
E agora por entrar-lhe perde a vida.
Por pena quer Plutão de seus peccados,
Que se lhe mostre a amiga já fugida,
Em brincos de outro, e beijos enlevada:
Remette elle pera elles, e acha nada."

"Fondly he hopes the foe to hew in twain; 6
But Gaspar, sighting overhead the blade,
Runs in, and catcheth him with gripping strain:
'Twas a fair feat of skill and hardihead:
The Spaniard clippeth, yet doth not restrain
His boastful threat'ening, although conquerèd;
The forceful Portingall with short delay
Unarms his hands and leaps from out his way.

"Then, lest his foeman use such crafty mode 7
Himself had used, he deals stoccado-thrust:
In fine the broadsword in his bosom-blood
He bathes that naught to vengeance mote he trust.
Flieth the furious ghost and in the wood
Tartarean still blasphemes; relates his lust
For vengeance, who no more can scourge his quean,
While him Alecto scourgeth long and keen.

"The Spatha's [1] metal to the damnèd host 8
Ill-names he calleth heaping curses dread;
Which, when it entered not, his ducats lost,
And lost his life when it had enterèd.
Pluto to gar him pay Sin's scot and cost,
Shows him the trait'orous ladye-friend who fled
'Joyed by his rival raining greedy kisses:—
He starts to strike them but the Shades he misses."

[1] Espada; sword or (suit of) spades.

Canto IV.

" Oh pensamento vão do peito humano !
Agora neste cego error cahiste ?
Agora este fermoso e ledo engano
Da sanguinosa e fera guerra viste ?
Agora que com sangue, e proprio dano,
A dura experiencia acerba e triste,
T'o tem mostrado. E agora, que o provaste,
Os conselhos darás, que não tomaste.

2

" Dos corpos dos imigos cavalleiros,
Do matto os animaes se apascentaram ;
As fontes de mais perto nos primeiros
Dias sangue com agua distillaram.
Os pastores do campo, e os monteiros
Da vizinha montanha, não gostaram
As aves de rapina em mais de hum ano,
Por terem o sabor do corpo humano."

Canto IV.

Ponderando tamanho atrevimento
Disse a Neptuno então Protheo propheta :
" Temo que desta gente, gente venha,
Que de teus reinos o grão sceptro tenha."

* * * * * *

Canto IV. (after Stanza 44).

" Oh vain reflections' guiling human sense ! 1
How could this darkling error seal your sight ?
How have ye hugged this gay and glad pretence
That lures to 'sanguined hate and baneful fight ?
And now of bloodshed dour experience,
A sore dread trial of the deadly blight
Is shown to thee. And now when known thy lot
Thou shalt give counsel which thou tookest not.

" The corpses of the Cavaliers, our fone, 2
Fed the foul creatures of the field and wood :
The nearest fountains till some days were gone
Distilled their chrystal black with human blood.
The meadow-shepherds, and the swains who wone
Upon the mountain, loathed the fulsome food,
The feral bird,—which for a year and more,
Smackt of the gorgèd flesh and human gore."

Canto IV. (Stanza 49 : *varia lectio*).

Pond'ering such mighty deeds of derring-do
Prophetick Proteus thus to Neptune cried :—
" I fear shall spring such Braves from Braves like these
Who the great sceptre of thy Reigns shall seize ! "

* * * * * *

2

"Já toma a forte porta inexpugnavel,
Que o conde desleal primeiro abrio,
Por se vingar do amor inevitavel
Que a fortuna em Rodrigo permittio.
Mas não foi esta a causa detestavel
Que a populosa Hespanha destruio:
Juizo de Deos foi por causa incerta;
A casa o mostra per Rodrigo aberta.

3

"Já agora, ó nobre Hespanha, estás segura
(Se segurar te podem cavalleiros)
De outra perda come esta, iniqua e dura,
Pois que tens Portuguezes por porteiros.
Assi se deo á prospera ventura
Do rei Joanne a terra, que aos fronteiros
Hespanhoes tanto tempo molestara;
E vencida ficou mais nobre e clara."

Canto IV.

"Da prospera cidade de Veneza:
Veneza, a qual os povos, que escaparam
Do gothico furor, e da crueza
De Attila edificaram pobremente,
E foi rica despois, e preeminente."

" He gaineth now the Porte inexpugnable 2
Whereof the Traitor-Count [1] first oped the gate,
In blood to wash the love inevitable
Fired in Rodrigo's [1] heart by hand of Fate.
Yet this was not the cause abominable
That wasted populous Hispanian State:
God for some hidden judgment gave command
The house be opened by Rodrigo's hand.

" But now thou livest safe, O noble Spain! 3
(If knightly force can save its land a fall)
From other loss like this, from shame and stain,
Who for a Porter hast the Portingall.
This happy Fortune waited on the reign
Of King Joanné,[2] who the bounding wall
Of Spanish-lond molested many years;
And conquerèd a higher crest uprears."

Canto IV. (Stanza 61: *varia lectio*).

" Of Venice, splendid in prosperity,
Venice, whereto the fisher peoples fled
From Gothic fury, and the cruelty
Of Attila, and built the pauper town
Now raised to rich estate and high renown."

[1] Count Julian and Roderick the Goth.
[2] D. Joam III.

Canto IV.

" Não foi sem justa, e grande causa eleito
Para o sublime throno e governança,
Este, de cujo illustre e forte peito
Depende uma grandissima esperança:
Pois não havendo herdeiro mais direito
No reino, e mais por esta confiança,
Joanne o escolheo, que só o herdasse,
Não tendo filho herdeiro, que reinasse."

Canto IV.

" Ali lhe promettemos, se em socego
Nos leva ás partes onde Phebo nace,
De, ou espalhar sua fé no mundo cego
Ou o sangue do povo pertinace.
Fizemos para as almas sancto emprego
De fiel confissão, pura e verace,
Em que, postoque hereges a reprovam,
As almas, como a Phenix, se renovam.

2

" Tomámos o divino mantimento,
Cum cuja graça sancta tantos dias,
Sem outro algum terrestre provimento,
Se sustentaram já Moysés e Helias:
Pão, de quem nenhum grande pensamento,
Nem sutís e profundas phantesias
Alcançam o segredo, e virtude alta,
Se do juizo a fé não suppre a falta."

Canto IV. (after Stanza 66).

"Nor chosen was sans justest cause and care
To fill the lofty throne of governance,
This King, whose noble heart and spirit rare
Pledgèd and promised highest esperance:
For him, there being no directer heir
And urgèd mostly by such confidence,
Joanné chose as heir to reign alone,
Having no son-inheritor to the throne.

Canto IV. (after Stanza 86).

"There did we promise, if His mercy deign 1
To bear us safe where Phœbus bursts the womb,
Or to blind worlds we would His faith ordain,
Or headstrong Heathenesse to death would doom.
All for our Souls' eternal health were fain
With pure, veracious shrift our Sprites t' illume,
Whereby, though Her'eticks may its power decry,
Souls like the ren'ovate Phœnix heav'enward fly.

"Then to partake of Ghostly Meat we went, 2
By whose most gracious boon so many days,
Sans taste of other earthly nutriment,
Erst were sustained Elias and Moysès:
Bread, whose deep secrets ne thought eminent
Ne subtle lore, ne soaring phantasies
Shall ever fathom, ever plumb its might,
An to dark Reason Faith deny her light."

Canto VI.

Lá na sublime Italia hum celebrado
Antro secreto está, chamado Averno;
Por onde o capitão Troiano ousado
Ás negras sombras foi do escuro inferno.
Por ali ha tambem um desusado
Caminho, que vai ter ao centro interno
Do mar, aonde o deos Neptuno mora:
Por ali foi descendo Baccho agora.

Canto VI.

A dor do desamor nunca respeita,
Se tem culpa, ou se não tem culpa a parte;
Porque se a cousa amada vos engeita,
Vingança busca só de qualquer arte.
Porém quem outrem ama, que aproveita
Trabalhar que vos ame, e que se aparte
De seu desejo, e que por outro o negue,
Se sempre fuge amor de quem o segue?

Canto VI.

"De que serve contar grandes historias
De capitães, de guerras afamadas,
Onde a morte tem asperas victorias
De vontades alheas sujugadas?
Outros farão grandissimas memorias
De feitos de batalhas conquistadas:
Eu as farei (se for no mundo ouvido)
De como só de huns olhos fui vencido."

Canto VI. (after Stanza 7).

There, in sublime Italia, yawns a cave,
Secret and celebrate, Avernus hight,
Wherethrough the Trojan leader bold and brave
Gainèd Infernus-realm of gloomy Night.
And als this Antre easy adit gave,
By road untrod, to Ocean's middle site,
The Sea-god Neptune's proper tenement:
Now thither Bacchus 'gan the long descent.

Canto VI. (after Stanza 24).

Dolour of fell Dislove hath no respect
For fault or for unfault on either part;
If what thou lovest lief thy love reject
Only some sore revenge shall salve the smart.
But say, What profit shall thy love expect,
When she thou lovest hath bestowed her heart?
How shall for others Love himself deny
When Love delights his foll'owers aye to fly?

Canto VI. (after Stanza 40).

"What boots recounting feats and gestes notorious
Of cel'ebrate Capitaynes and grand campaigns,
Where vaunting Death boasts asp'erous might victorious
O'er alien will he bendeth as he fain 'is?
Let others sing and say the deeds memorious
Achieved by Conq'uerors on their battle-plains:
Let it be mine (if worlds will hear) to tell
How by a pair of eyes' mere force I fell."

2

Não foi pouco aprazivel a Velloso
Tratar-se esta materia, vigiando ;
Que com quanto era duro e bellicoso,
Amor o tinha feito manso e brando.
Tão concertado vive este enganoso
Moço co' a natureza, que tratando
Os corações tão doce e brandamente,
Não deixa de ser forte quem o sente.

3

" Contai (disse) senhor, contai de amores
As maravilhas sempre acontecidas,
Que ainda de seus fios cortadores
No peito trago abertas as feridas."
Concederam os mais vigiadores,
Que alli fossem de todos referidas
As historias que já do amor passaram ;
E assi sua vigia começaram.

4

" Disse então Leonardo : " Não espere
Ninguem, que conte fabulas antigas :
Que quem alheias lagrimas refere,
Das proprias vive isento, e sem fadigas.
Porque, despois que Amor co' os olhos fere,
Nunca por tão suaves inimigas,
Como a mi só no mundo tem ferido
Pyramo, nem o nadador de Abido.

No little pleasure to Velloso gave 2
So fair a subject watch and ward to 'guile,
For as dure warfare made him dour and brave,
So gentled Love his breast by soft'ening wile.
Such is the cunning of this Cupid-knave,
So Art with Nature can he reconcile,
While mortal hearts with blandness it endowereth,
Lovers with double pow'er his will empowereth.

"Recount" (quoth he), "recount of Love, fair Sir! 3
And of the wondrous chances Love befel,
Still his sharp arrows this sad bosom stir
That may not hurt of open wound dispel."
With him agreed each watchful mariner,
That all and ev'ery, then and there, should tell
Their tales of Love, and how the ventures farèd :—
Thiswise its watch to keep the crew preparèd.

Then quoth Le'onardo : "Here let no man wot 4
From me to gather fables known of yore :
Whoso would quote the tears of alien lot
Himself exempted hath no tears in store.
Sith Love with magick eye-glance mortals smote
Those dearest en'emies mine smote none so sore
'Mid men as me ; nor Pyramus nor him
Who from Abydos Helle's stream did swim.

5

" Fortuna, que no mundo póde tanto,
Me deitou longe já da patria minha,
Onde tão longo tempo vivi, quanto
Bastou para perder hum bem que tinha.
Livre vivia então; mas não me espanto,
Senão que sendo livre, não sostinha
Deixar de ser captivo, que o cuidado,
Sem porque, tive sempre namorado."

Canto VI.

" Divina Guarda, angelica, celeste,
Que o astrífero polo senhoreas;
Tu que a todo Israel refugio déste
Per metade das aguas erythreas:
Se por mores perigos me trouxeste,
Que ao itacence Ulysses, ou a Eneas,
Passando os largos términos de Apolo,
Pelas furias de Tethys e de Eolo."

Canto VI.

Olhai como despois de hum grande medo,
Tão desejado bem logo se alcança;
Assi tambem detraz de estado ledo
Tristeza está, certissima mudança
Quem quizesse alcançar este segredo
De não se ver nas cousas segurança,
Creio, se esquadrinha-lo bem quizesse,
Que em vez de saber mais, endoudecesse.

" Fortune, who vaunteth o'er the world her might
Already drave me far from Fatherland,
Where I long time had lived, sufficient quite
To lose a blessing which I held in hand.
Yes, free I lived; yet nought astounds my sprite
Save that my freedom I could not command,
But changed for prison, since mine every thought,
Would I or nould I, boon of Love besought."

Canto VI. (after Stanza 81).

" Thou Guard divine, who dost with Angels dwell,
And of the Starry Pole hast seigniory;
Thou who didst bring Thy people Israèl
Through the burst waters of the blushing sea:
If from more risks than what t' Æneas fell
Or Ithican Ulysses sav'edst thou me,
Passing Apollo's largely bounded path
Through rage of Æolus and Tethys' wrath."

Canto VI. (after Stanza 94).

Look ye, how following fast on fierce despair
We win the weal that seemed beyond our range;
Thus ever dogging happy days sans care
Comes hateful Sorrow with her certain change.
Whoso would win such lore, such secret bare,
How Chance shall aye Security estrange,
I wot, his wisdom would no blessing gain,
But breed a madness in his brooding brain.

2

Não respondo a quem disse, que a Fortuna
Era em todas as cousas inconstante;
" Que mandou Deus ao mundo por coluna
Deosa, que ora se abaixe, ora levante."
Opinião das gentes importuna
He ter, que o homem aos anjos similhante,
Por quem já Deos fez tanto, se pozesse
Nas mãos do leve caso, que o regesse.

3

Mas quem diz, que virtudes, ou peccados,
Sobem baixos, e abaixam os subidos;
Que me dirá, se os máos vir sublimados?
Que me dirá, se os bons vir abatidos?
Se alguem me diz, que nascem destinados,
Parece razão aspera aos ouvidos;
Que se eu nasci obrigado a meu destino,
Que mais me val ser sancto, que malino?

4

Viram-se os Portuguezes em tormenta,
Que nenhum se lembrava já da vida;
Subitamente passa, e lhe apresenta
Venus a cousa delles mais querida.
Mas o Cabral, que o numero accrescenta
Dos naufragios, na costa desabrida,
A vida salva alegre, e logo perto
A perde, ou por destino, ou por acerto.

I have short answer for the wights who say 2
That fickle Fortune deals in living lies;
That God hath made for pillar of His sway
A goddess ranging aye 'twixt fall and rise.
Importunate opinion men obey
That Man, whose nature with the Angels vies,
For whom his God such goodness wrought, is rulèd
By blindfold chances, and by luck befoolèd.

Who saith that Good or Ill be reason why, 3
The lowly up, the lofty downward, go;
What shall he say me se'eing the low rise high?
What shall he say me se'eing the high fall low?
If some should say "we're born predestined," I
Find it an asp'erous reason so to trow;
If darkly bound by bond of Destiny,
What boots a Sinner or a Saint I be?

Such dreadful storm the Portingalls tormented, 4
All were assurèd life was surely lost;
Sudden it passèd and to them presented
Venus the guerdon which they yearned for most.
Meanwhile Cabral whose wreck and wrack distented
The list of losses on that portless coast,
Saves his life gladly, and at once he loses 't
Because what men call Chance or Dest'iny choses 't.

5

Se havia de perdê-la em breve instante,
O salva-la primeiro, que lhe val?
Fortuna ali, se he habil e prestante,
Porque não dava um bem de traz de um mal?
Bem dizia o philosopho elegante
Simónides; ficando em hum portal
Salvo, donde os amigos morrer vira,
Na sala arruinada, que cahira.

6

" Oh poder da Fortuna tão pesado,
Que tantos n'hum momento assi mataste!
Para que maior mal me tens guardado,
Se deste, que he tamanho, me guardaste? "
Bem sabia que o ceo estava irado:
Não ha damno, que o seu furor abaste:
Nem fez um mal tamanho, que não tenha
Outro muito maior, que logo venha.

7

Mui bem sei que não falta quem me désse
Razões sutis, que o ingenho lhe assegura;
Nem quem segundas causas resolvesse;
Materias altas, que o juizo apura.
Eu lhe fico, que a todos respondesse,
Mas não o soffre a força da escriptura:
Respondo só, que a longa experiencia
Enleia muitas vezes a sciencia.

An he must lose his life in one short hour,
To save the span before what could avail?
We ask why Fortune's all prevailing pow'er
Upon the heels of ill sent nought of weal?
Well said the Sage, so famed for el'egant lore,
Simonides, who from his safe portail
Beheld his rev'elling friends within the hall
Crusht by the fragments of the fallen wall:—

"Oh, force of Fortune grievous, sore to dree,
That hast so many in one moment slain!
Say for what greater bane hast savèd me
Whom thou hast savèd from this present bane?
Certès, the wrath of Heav'en right well I see:
No harm sufficeth for his rage insane:
Nor ill he workèd but the will he had
Eftsoons of working something worse than bad."

Right well I wot that many shall be found
With subtle reasons Faith to re-assure;
Many by Second Causes shall expound
High matters sound sure judgment doth depure.
To all I pledge myself, I could respond
Did art of scribe such mighty theme endure:
I but respond that long Experience
Oft shows your Science lacking common Sense.

END OF MS. No. I.

Canto VIII.

" Este deu grão principio á sublimada
Illustrissima casa de Bragança,
Em estado e grandeza avantajada
A quantas o hespanhol imperio alcança.
Vês aquelle, que vai com forte armada
Cortando o Hesperio mar, e logo alcança
O valeroso intento, que pretende,
E a villa de Azamor combate, e rende?

2

" He o Duque Dom Gemes, derivado
Do tronco antiguo, e successor famoso,
Que o grande feito emprende, e acabado
A Portugal dá volta victorioso;
Deixando desta vez tão admirado
A todo o mundo, e o Mouro tão medroso,
Qui inda atégora nunca ha despedido
O grão temor entonces concebido.

3

" E se o famoso Duque mais ávante
Não passa co'a catholica conquista,
Nos muros de Marrocos, e Trudante,
E outros logares mil á escala vista;
Não he por falta de animo constante,
Nem de esforço, e vontade prompta e lista;
Mas foi poi não passar o limitado
Término, per seu rei assignalado."

MANUSCRIPT No. II.

Canto VIII. (after Stanza 32).

"This the foundation-stone sublimely laid 1
Of the Braganza House, illustrious strain,
Which in estate and grandeur all outweigh'd
Whatever vaunts the high Hispanian reign.
Seest thou him, who with the stout Armade
Cutteth th' Hesperian sea, forthwith to gain
His brave objective; wends this stout pretender
Azamor town to fight and gar surrender?

"'Tis ducal Gemes, 'heriting from his sires 2
Of old nobility a name memorious,
Who does this mighty deed; and's high desires
Fulfilled, to Portugale returns victorious.
This time a valour which the world admires
Leaveth the Moorman in such fear inglorious,
Who to the Present is nowise relievèd
Of the cold burthen in the Past conceivèd.

"And, if the famous Duke forbore as wont 3
Catholick conquests farther still to bear,
Unto Marocco's mures and Terudant,
And other thousand thorpes the Haven near;
Deem not his constant soul of spirit scant,
Or wanting energy or slow to dare;
'Twas that his loyalty to cross declinèd
The certain limits which his King assignèd."

Canto VIII.

" Achou-se nesta desigual batalha
Hum dos nossos de imigos rodeado ;
Mas elle de valor, mais que de malha,
E militar esforço acompanhado,
Do primeiro o cavallo mata, e talha
O collo a seu senhor, com desusado
Golpe de espadá ; e passo a passo andando,
Os torvados contrarios vai deixando."

Canto X.

" Verá-se, emfim, toda a India conjurada
Com béllico aparelho ; varias gentes,
Chaul, Goa, e Maláca ter cercada
Em hum tempo logares differentes.
Mas ve' como Chaul quasi tomada,
O mar com ſuas ondas eminentes,
Vai socorrer a gente Portugueza
Que só de Devs espera já defeza.

2

" Vês qual o Rei gentio presuroso
Arde, cerca, discorre, e anda listo,
Incitando o exercito espantoso
A destruir hum esquadrão de Christo ?
Mas nota o ponto-de-honra generoso,
Em cerco, nem batalha nunca visto ;
Os soldados fugindo do seguro,
Passar-se ao posto perigoso e duro.

Canto VIII. (after Stanza 36).

"In such unfairest odds and chance of fray
One of our soldiers was begirt by foes;
But he, by valour more than mail, makes way
And of true warrior-heart fair 'surance shows;
Slain the near charger with his sabre-sway
Its rider's head upon the plain he throws;—
Brave sworder-feat!—and, pace by pace, he leaveth
Arear the foeman whom such exploit grieveth."

Canto X. (after Stanza 72).

"Shalt see, in fine, conspire all India, 'drest 1
To bellick apparatus; peoples rush
Cháúl, Maláca, Goa-town t' invest,
At once such different sites to seize and crush.
But see, now Cháúl City sorely prest,
The seas with em'inent billows flies to brush
Castro, in haste his Portingalls to save
When only God in Mercy's aid they crave.

"Se'est thou yon Paynim King so fain of fight 2
Burn, overrun, beleaguer, firm persist
In throwing forces which the land affright
Against a little squad that loveth CHRIST?
But bear that gen'erous Pundonor in sight,
Ne siege ne battle e'er before hath wist;
See how the sold'iery flying posts secure,
Pass to the post of peril dire and dure.

3

" Ali o prudentissimo Ataíde,
Confortado da ajuda soberana,
Onde a necessidade e tempo o pide,
Socorrerá com força mais que humana.
Até que com seus damnos se despide
Do cru intento a gente vil, profana,
Que em batalhas, e encontros mil vencidos,
Virão a pedir paz arrependidos.

4

" Em quanto isto passar cá na lumiosa
Costa de Asia, e America sombria,
Não menos lá na Europa bellicosa,
E nas terras da inculta Barbaria,
Mostrará a gente elysia valerosa
Seu preço, de temor tornando fria
A zona ardente, em ver que huma conquista
Lhe não paz que das outras tres desista.

5

" Verão o valentissimo Barriga,
Adail de Zafim, grande, afamado,
Sem ter por armas quem lh'o contradiga,
Correr de Mauritania serra, e prado.
Mas vê como a infiel gente inimiga
O prende por hum caso desastrado,
E com elle outra gente leva presa ;
Que em tal caso não póde ter defeza.

"There shall Ataide, most for prudence known, 3
Strong in the ghostly comfort of the Lord,
Where Time and Need demand such force be shown,
With more than human valour aid afford.
Until its salvage object shall disown
With grievous losses yon vile Pagan horde,
Who crusht in thousand cruel fights shall rue
The war, and hurry for a truce to sue.

"While here so happeth on the coast that glows 4
Of Asia and Am'erica sombre cold,
There not the less in Europe bellicose,
And Barb'ary's wild uncultivated wold,
Shall show thy Race, Elysian, valorous
Its worth and with a freezing fear enfold
The seething Zone, that sees one conquest won
Pass to three other and ne'er pause till done.

"Barriga, brave of braves, they here shall sight, 5
Guide of Zafim,[1] in war of prime account,
Who finds no man-at-arms to foil his might,
O'errun the Mauritanian plain and mount.
But see how th' Infidels, by luck of fight
And doom disastrous, in the very brunt
Make him and his Bellona's battle-prize
For in such chances Valour hopeless lies.

[1] Saffi town.

6

" Mas passado este trance perigoso,
Olha onde preso vai, como arrebata
A lança de hum dos Mouros, e furioso
Com ella a seu senhor derriba e mata.
E revolvendo o braço poderoso,
Os seus livra, e os imigos desbarata:
E assi todos alegres e triumphantes,
Se tornam d'onde foram presos antes.

7

" Ei-lo cá por engano outra vez preso,
Está na escura e vil estrebaria,
Carregado de ferros, de tal peso,
Que de hum logar mover-se não podia.
Vê-lo de generoso fogo acceso,
Que o páo ensanguentado sacudia,
Com que ao soberbo Mouro a morte dera,
Que em sua honrada barba a mão pozera?

8

" Mas vê como os infidos Agarenos,
Per mandado lhe dão do Rei descrido
Tanto açoute por isto, que em pequenos
Lhe fazem sobre as costas o vestido,
Sem que ao forte Varão vozes, nem menos
Ouvissem dar um intimo gemido:
Já vai a Portugal despedaçado
O vestido a pedir ser resgatado.

" But past the perils of this imm'inent chance, 6
See how he snatcheth while to durance led
From grasp of Moorish foe the beamy lance,
And lays with single lunge its lancer dead.
Then with strong arm the weapon swung askance,
He saves his friends the while his foes have fled :
Thus all triumphant wend his men their way
Whither their lot was sad captivity.

" Lo ! here is he by snare once more beset, 7
And in the darkness of vile stable lain,
Loaded with iron fetters of such weight,
From off the floor he mote not rise again.
But see the heart with gen'erous fire irate,
Tear up the stake that showed a bloody stain,
And brain the haughty Moor who had not fear'd
Foul hand to fasten on his honoured beard ?

" Yet further see yon faithless Hagarene, 8
By the commandment of his Inf'idel King,
Visit the daring deed with scourge so keen
That strips from ribs his robes with stripes that sting.
Yet the brave Baron scorns one word, nor e'en
An 'Ah !' a murmur, may his tortures wring :
To Portugale the ragged vesture goes
Wherewith to raise a ransom for the foes.

9

"Olha cabo de Aguer aqui tomado
Per culpa dos soldados de soccorro:
Vês o grande Carvalho ali cercado
De imigos, como touro em duro corro?
De trinta Mouros mortos rodeado,
Revolvendo o montante, diz: 'Pois morro,
Celebrem mortos minha morte escura,
E façam-me de mortos sepultura.'

10

"Ambas pernas quebradas, que passando
Hum tiro, espedaçado lh'as havia;
Dos giolhos, e braços se ajudando,
Com nunca visto esforço e valentia:
Em torno pelo campo retirando,
Vai a Agarena, dura companhia,
Que com dardos e settas, que tiravam,
De longe dar-lhe a morte procuravam."

Canto X.

"Com taes obras e feitos excellentes
De valor nunca visto, nem cuidado,
Alcançareis aquellas preeminentes
Excellencias, que o ceo tem reservado
Para vós outros, entre quantas gentes
O Sol aquenta, e cerca o humor salgado:
Que em pouco se acham poucas repartidas,
E em nenhuma nação junctas e unidas.

"Behold yon Aguer Headland tane, and lost 9
By fault of tardy succouring soldiery:
And see'st thou great Carvalho 'mid the host
Hostile, like baited bull the ring o'erfly?
Hear him 'mid thirty Moorish corpses boast
Whirling his broadsword, crying:—'Since I die
Let dead atone for this mine obscure doom,
These carrion deadlings form my fittest tomb!'

"See how when both his legs a passing ball 10
In pieces dasht and shanks from trunk had mown;
On arms and knees he doth his best to crawl
And fight with force and valour never known:
Round and about the field evanish all
Hagar's hard children who no pity own;
And with their shafts and javelins far they deal,
The death they dare not by a nearer steel."

Canto X. (after Stanza 73).

"With sim'ilar labours, Gestes so great, so new 1
Of valour never viewed, nor reached by thought,
To Honour shall ye rise so high, so true,
To excellences Heaven's will hath wrought
'Mid worlds of men for you and only you,
While Phœbus warms what salty billows moat:
Rare boons be these which rarely doled we find
To man, and only in you men conjoin'd.

2

" Religião, a primeira, sublimada,
De pio e sancto zêlo revestida;
Ao culto divinal sómente dada,
E em seu serviço e obras embebida.
Nesta, a gente no Elyseo campo nada,
Se mostrou sempre tal em morte e vida,
Que póde pretender a primazia
Da illustre e religiosa monarchia.

3

" Lealdada he segunda, que engrandece,
Sobre todas, o nobre peito humano;
Com a qual similhante ser parece
Ao côro celestial e soberano.
Nesta per todo o mundo se conhece
Por tão illustre o povo lusitano,
Que jámais a seu Deus, e Rei jurado,
A fé devida e publica ha negado.

4

" Fortaleza vem logo, que os auctores
Tanto do antiguo Luso magnificam,
Que os vossos Portuguezes com maiores
Obras, ser verdadeira certificam:
Dando materia a novos escriptores,
Com feitos, que em memoria eterna ficam;
E vencendo do mundo os mais subidos,
Sem nunca de mais poucos ser vencidos.

" Religion first, the Truths sublime reveal'd 2
In earthly garb of pious holy Zeal;
Fain to Divine Obedience self to yield
And all imbibèd with its works of weal.
Thus men fare swimming to th' Elysian field;
And thus in Life and Death shall ever deal
Mortals, who strain to win the princely prize
Which high religious Monarchy affies.

" Loyalty second, that makes great and grand 3
Above all others, hearts of noble strain;
Whereby a certain likeness mortals fand
To Choirs immortal in the Heav'enly Reign.
For this be known o'er farthest sea and land
The passing merits of the Lusitan;
Ne'er to his Maker nor sworn King forsworn,
Nor holds such publick Faith to public scorn.

" Valour next cometh, which of yore did greet, 4
In olden Lusus, men who sang and wrote;
And which your Portingalls with greater feat
Certify veridic withouten doubt:
Affording novel theme to modern writ,
With their high exploits of memorious note;
And, vanquishing o'er the world the most renown'd,
By fewer vanquisht they shall ne'er be found.

5

" Conquista será a quarta, que no imperio
Portuguez só reside com possança:
Pois no sublime e no infimo hemispherio
As quarto partes só do mundo alcança:
E as quatro nações dellas por mysterio
Com que conquista, e tem certa esperança,
Que Christãos, Mouros, Turcos, e Gentios,
Junctarão n'huma lei seus senhorios.

6

" Descobrimento he quinta, que bem certo
A gente Lusitana só se deve;
Pois tendo Norte a Sur já descoberto,
Adonde o dia he grande, e adonde breve:
E por caminho desusado, incerto,
De Ponente a Levante, inda se atreve
Cercar o mundo em torno per direito:
Feito despois, nem antes, nunca feito.

7

" Deixo de referir a piedade
Do peito Portuguez, e cortezia,
Temperança, fé, zêlo e caridade,
Com outras muitas, que contar podia.
Pois a segundo o ponto da verdade,
E regras da moral philosophia,
Não póde conservar-se huma virtude,
Sem que das outras todas se arme, e ajude.

" Conquest shall prove the fourth, which in the power 5
Of only Portugale full-forced resideth ;
Since in the higher Hemisphere and lower
O'er Earth's four quarters she alone abideth :
The four great Nations only serve to show her
What high mysterious Hope her conquests guideth ;
That Christian, Moorman, Turk, and Gentile all,
Joinèd in single law shall feel her thrall.

" Discov'ery comes the fifth, which of a truth 6
To none save Lusus' children doth belong ;
Who have explorèd all from North to South
Where suns be short-lived and where days be long.
Now by uncertain ways, unused, uncouth,
From Ponent Lèvantward, in daring strong,
She wends to circle Earth by shortest tract :[1]
A feat which never was till now a fact.

" I pass in silence o'er the Piety 7
And courteous ways that mark the Lusian breast ;
Temperance, Holy Faith, Zeal, Charity,
With other gifts as easy to attest.
For 'tis a not'able point of verity,
Moral Philosophy's own rule and hest,
No single virtue e'er hath Man array'd
When all the others do not arm and aid.

[1] Magellan's circumnavigation.

8

" Mas destas, como base, e fundamento
Daquellas cinco insignes excellencias,
Em que ellas tẽe seu natural assento,
E de quem tomam suas dependencias :
Não quero aqui tractar, que meu intento
Não he descer a todas minudencias,
Que geraes são no mundo a muita gente,
Senão das que em vós se acham tão sómente.

9

" Mas não será de todo limpo e puro,
O curso desigual de vossa historia :
Tal he a condição do estado escuro
Da humana vida, fragil, transitoria :
Que mortes, perdições, trabalho duro
Aguarão grandemente vossa gloria ;
Mas não poderá algum successo, ou fado,
Derribar-vos deste alto e honroso estado.

10

" Tempo virá, que entr'ambos hemispherios
Descobertos per vós, e conquistados,
E com batalhas, mortes, captiveiros,
Os varios povos delles sujeitados :
De Hespanha os dous grandissimos imperios
Serão n'hum senhorio só junctados,
Ficando por metropoli, e senhora,
A cidade que cá vos manda agora.

"But these, the first foundation and the base 8
Of those renownèd five transcendencies,
Whereon they rest and rise by Nature's grace,
And whence they borrow fair dependencies.
Here I neglect; for stoop I not to trace
That meaner matter which the tendence is
Of human nature in the gen'eral view:—
Only I tell what dwells in only you.

"Natheless expect not to run clear and pure, 9
The course uneven of your Race's story:
Such the condition of our state obscure,
Of human life-tide fragile, transitory:
Death and Destruction, travail sore and dure
Shall mingle water in your wine of glory;
Yet ne'er shall force of Fortune, nor of Fate
Degrade your gifts, debase your high estate.

"Shall dawn the Day o'er either Hemisphere 10
By you explored, and conquerèd in fight,
Where battle, slaughter, prison-doom strike fear
In all the peoples subject to your might:
The twain of mightiest empires which is peer
In Spain beneath one sceptre shall unite;
Owning for cap'ital, Ladye of the Land,
The goodly City hither sends your band.[1]

[1] A prophecy not unlikely to be realized.

11

" Ora, pois, gente illustre, que no mundo
Deos no gremio catholico conserva,
Redemidos da pena do Profundo,
Que para os condemnados se reserva,
Por vos dotar o que perdeo o immundo
Lusbel, com sua infame e vil caterva :
Pois sabeis alcançar a gloria humana,
Fazei por não perder a soberana."

Canto X.

" D'aqui saíndo irá, donde acabada
Sua vida será na fatal ilha :
Mas proseguindo a venturosa armada
A volta de tão grande maravilha ;
Verão a nao Victória celebrada
Ir tomar porto juncto de Sevilha,
Despois de haver cercado o mar profundo,
Dando huma volta em claro a todo o mundo."

FINIS.

" And now, o'er earth establisht, Race renown'd 11
Whom God in Cath'olick bosom hath conservèd,
Redeemed from horrid pains of Hell profound,
For hosts of damnèd Heathenry reservèd ;
Dower'd with the losses of Lusbel [1] immund,
Lusbel, by vile and vulgar spirits servèd ;
Since all Earth's glories ye have learnt to gain,
'Ware lest ye lose the glory sovereign."

Canto X. (after Stanza 141).

" Hence shall he wend [2] his way, and end the light
Of Life, when landed on that fatal Isle :
Nor less his vent'urous Fleet shall wing her flight
Returning homeward from such miracle ;
The far-famed ship 'Victória' men shall sight
Anchored in safest waters by Sevile,
When she had girdled Ocean-plain profound
And circled Earth in one continuous round."

[1] Lucifer, the Fiend. [2] Magellan.

THE END.

WYMAN AND SONS, PRINTERS, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON.